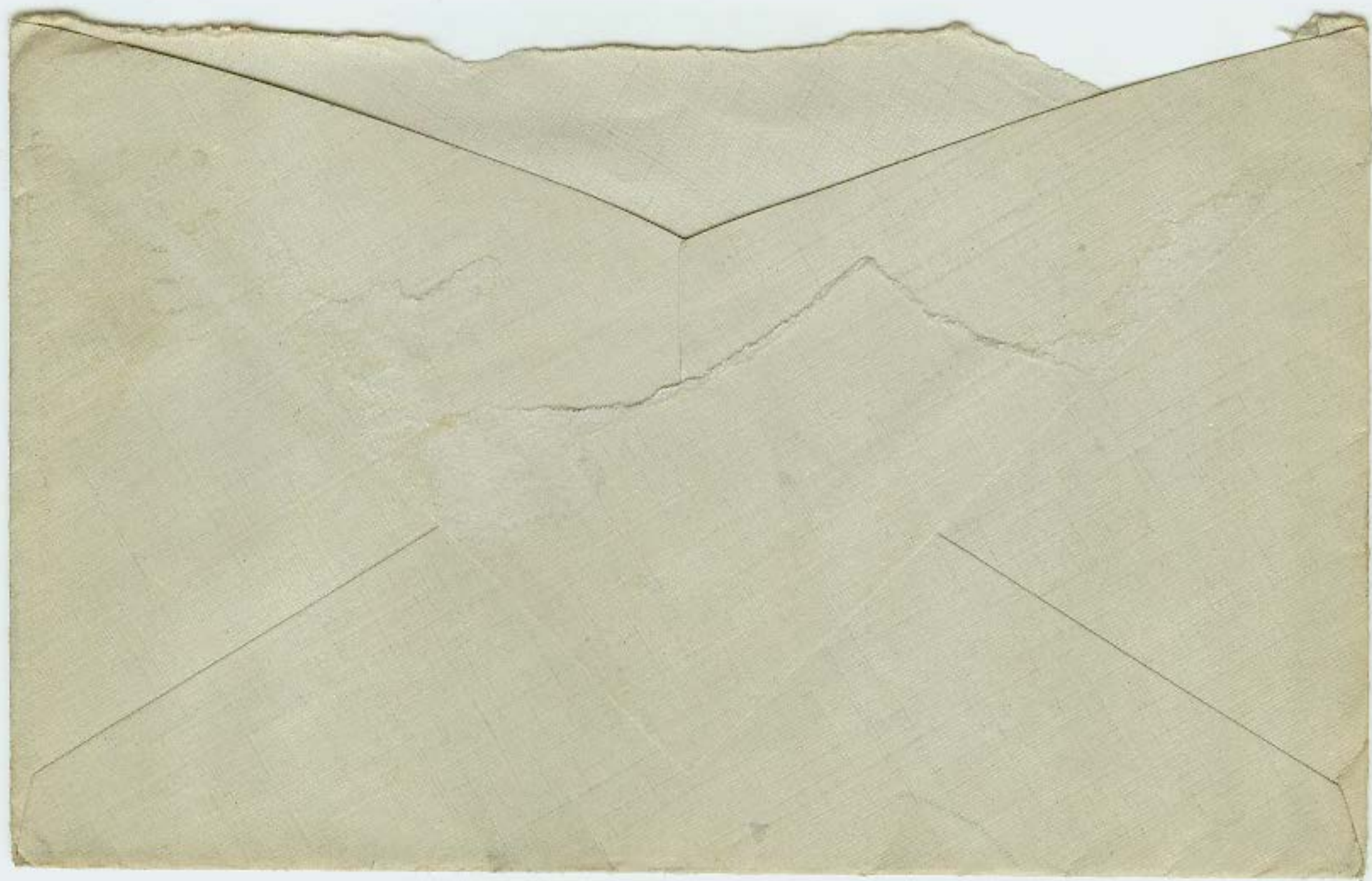




Mr. Hugh M. Dingley
Belleville
Pennsylvania



afternoon. I don't know what
we will do - the country
club dances have stopped, but
there's always good music at
the place like Hecla Park so
maybe we can go there
& dance - & dance -

Oh, gosh, Hugo, Trevor,
my feet are jumping
around now. And my
fists are just longing
for some thing to punch -

5 N. Line St.
Lancaster
Sept 19.

Oh, Hugo, carissimus! (I
hope that is a real word!)
You are just a wonderful
man to come to see me!
All the way in a ford, too -
really, that is a sign of
true devotion.

I can hardly wait - do
start early in the morning
so you will get here in the

Your letter came just as we
were all about to get into bed!
I had to laugh - it caused
so much commotion (spelling?)
But it was, or rather, is an
awfully nice letter, Hugo, shugary -
I was going to answer it the next
morning as soon as I got up -
yesterday, that is, & planned it all
night long, but when morning
came there was so much weather
kept asking me to do and I
had to take a cake for a
bridge party here last night, etc,
etc, etc so here I am a day
late, writing to Bfto instead of
Washington, not at all as I
planned! But any way, Big Boy,
come just as fast as you can to
Nona!

Mr. Hugh M. Dingley

Bellevue to

Cluny Wauia

Herman + Syler
Selinsgrove
Pa

Francis Baker

ing back with her - I have been
"Bellefonte-sick" ever since I
left. But your letter which I
got yesterday morning was
wonderful, Hugo, I didn't know
you could write such nice
letters - it is almost half as
good as seeing you.

Left Bfto on Wednesday
and on the way down had
the most sickening thought:
why hadn't I told you to
meet us in Harrisburg & go
to Laure. for a big dance.

what does querida mean? Friday morning.

Hugo, dear,

I'm lying in bed to
write this - not that I've been
knocked out again in a fight
but merely that I'm lazy & my
doting family say go ahead.

Ma even handed me this
paper when I told her I wanted
to write to you. I'm going to
give it to Aunt Louise - a very
special delivery - so that you
will get it today!

Oh, Hugo, I wish I were go-

that night ??? It would have
been marvelous if you had been there
thru, but I guess you were on your
way to Attoua. However, if you
go to Harrisburg again you must
come here, dance or no dance, just to
see me & let me look at you!

Yesterday I went with Aunt L.
to Downingtown - do you remember
when we went thru Downingtown?
On the way back we met Phil &
Gordon, both quite sober. Woodie
is taking a dog home with him.
I think I'll creep into the box with
the dog and jump out when we hit
Potts and run until I find you -
and then just contentedly listen to
you saying "I love you - I'm crazy
about you!" Oh, Hugo, sugary,
hug me, tight (that line runs constantly
in my brain) - do you really? I don't believe it
maybe! Now



REGISTER
OR
INSURE
VALUABLE MAIL

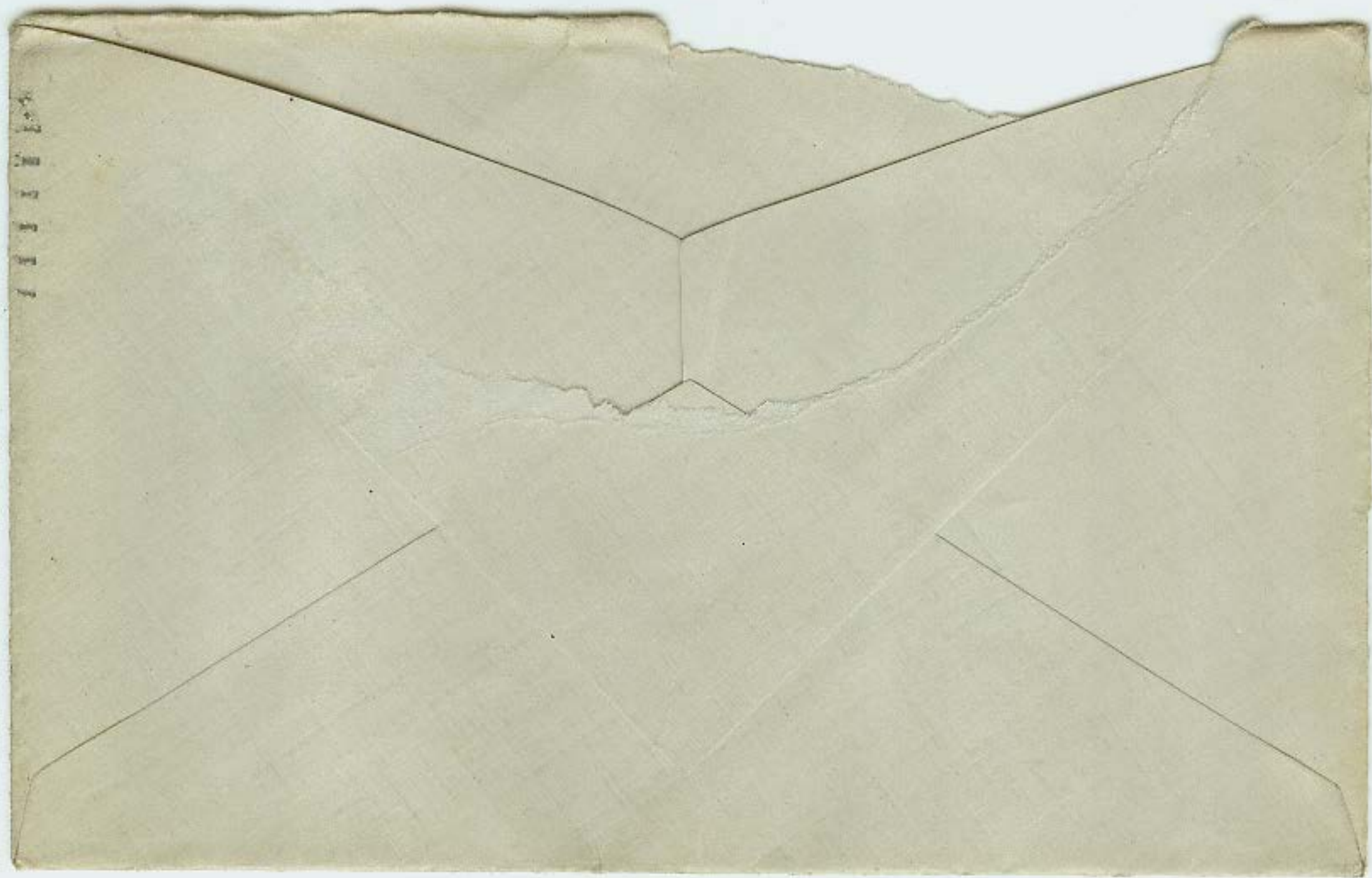


Mr. Hugh M. Drigley ✓

Belfonte

Center County

Pennsylvania



I got here Sunday night and
found a most agreeable
roommate. Took my exam
yesterday afternoon but I
won't know the results till
Thursday. I think I did better
than ever before which is some
satisfaction. I had been worry-
ing and practicing drawing
women's figures like mad,
and then the model was a
man!! My luck as usual!

Dear
Cousin Maria
Today & she
asked
about you

58 East 78th Street
New York
Oct. 2.

Hugo dear,

You are most likely
saying terrible things about me -
but, please, don't - I've been
awfully busy and awfully tired.
I'm awfully tired right this
minute, but I'm being a good
little girl to you! This is the
first letter I've written from
this address - honored?

Today I was down at work at
nine o'clock - just think of those
hours for lazy me! But I like it.

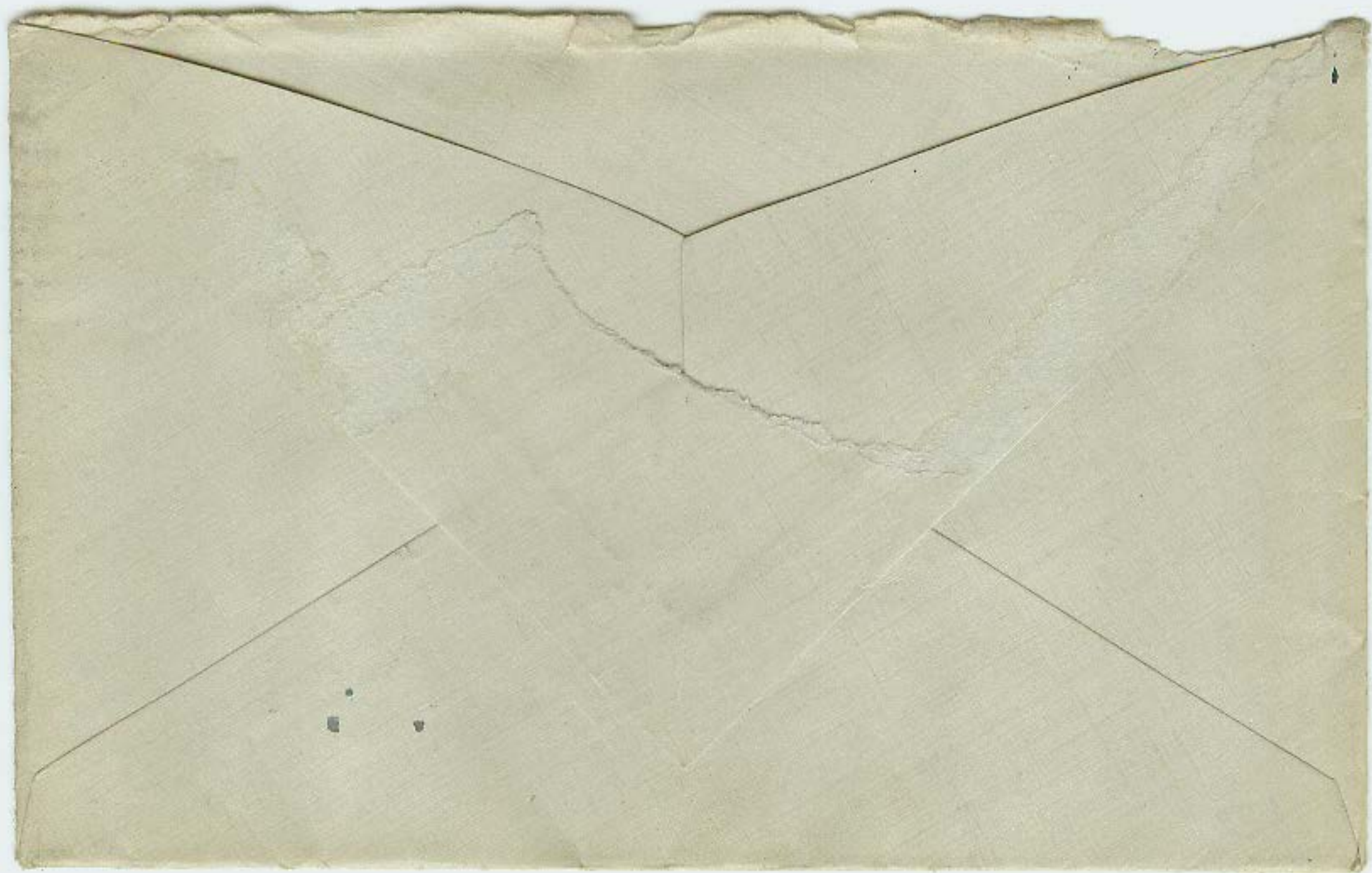
That was a nice letter you
wrote, Hugo, after that wonderful
week-end. I like your letter - but
Din said that before, haven't I? It
bears repetition, however. Do write
often - letters are such a help to
a struggling art student.

Give my love to the dear little
ford - it certainly ought to have
a medal for making that trip - and
to be put in a glass case for the
centuries to behold.

Big Bay, I thought I could
write but I'm really too tired (getting
acclimated, you know) but I'll leave
to stop with the happy thought
that you love me (really?) and
that I am glad of it.
Always - I love Ida.



Mr. Hugh M. Dingley ✓
Bellfonte
Pennsylvania



Yesterday I saw Williams
beat Columbia and was over-
joyed! I went with a class-
mate & her Columbia brother
and had to be awfully rude
churing against them - but
what else could I do? It
was the first game I'd seen
this season and all the old
love came back full force -
gee! it was great! It was
on the new Baker field, a
beautiful day and all the
trees red & gold so my artistic

58 E. 78th St.

Oct. 28.

Hugo, big boy,

I'm sorry - but I
won't make excuses - if you
think I just didn't want to
write sooner, you are not so
nice as I think you are.

I liked your letter congrat-
ulating me on my artistic
successes - you are the kind
who smiles when shaking
hands with the defector - but
then, are you defeated?

ause was well pleased, too.

The red + gold trees gave me a shock - we have none in New York and I'd forgot their beauty. I thought of you in the mountains most likely never noticing it all - funny, isn't it? I walk to and from school every day thru Central Park but the leaves in the Park just crumble and fall off, leaving the beautiful women in timousines to supply the bright colors.

So, New York is not colorless and does it more + more. My work is getting intensely interesting, the theatres are better than ever. On Friday I saw Martin Harvey in "Oedipus Rex" - simply marvelous but, oh, what a subject! Look him up if you don't know him.

I must stop & cook me some supper - please come to New York soon - and I'll cook you some supper! Can you resist that - and me, Nora?



Mr. Hugh M. Drigley
Bellevue to
Pennywarrick



in love, some that I'm getting
artistic, but personally I think
it is a matter of digestion!

I don't believe you'd like me
much any more if you came to
see me - my hands are always
grimy, my clothes spotted with
paint and I'm always per-
fumed with turpentine - a
horrible picture, isn't it?

But I love it - except
when I think of you - for
it means that I'm actually

58 E. 78th St.
New York
Nov. 22.

Dearest Hugo,

I'm in a
queer mood tonight so don't
be surprised if this letter stops
suddenly and I take to trying
to stand on my head - not
that I'd rather stand on my
head than write to you, but
merely that I'm not respon-
sible! I'm getting awfully
queer - some people say I'm

working as hard that I don't care.
Hugo, pray that I may be a great
artist some day.

You are so nice, Hugo, shugary -
I have a warm corn for table feeling
when I think of you - and I find
I have to think of you often in
this cold studio in order not to freeze.

Tonight my "roomy" went out & I
rather dreaded cooking supper all
by myself but a girl who lives below
came up & the mother of us two had
to cook, we had a jolly meal.

I was so sorry to hear about
Mrs. Shaffer - do give them all my
love & sympathy - and tell me
the latest developments.

Tell Mary she is a pig - for I
don't think she answered my last

letter - Hugo, big boy, I wish I could
write as often as you want me to -
indeed I do - but I'm such a simple
little fool - & so tired - and anyway letters are
such a damned poor substitute. Love
Nora.

Hugo, sugare - Aug-9 tight.

Blacktop

Hqd vs cement

P.L.S.

Hqd Shrinkage
resist to weather
ing.

1. Melting point

2. Penetration

3. Tensile strength

4. Cementing value

220

Dear Hugo,

I'm eating a banana
but instead of leaving the peel
on your pillow I'll write this
note - pretty sweet, isn't it? -
and a sign of undying devotion.

I'm going home tomorrow
and am quite sad about it. You
see, it has been awfully lonely
since you left - only yesterday!
But two long bridge evenings
I hate bridge, I seem to have no

Look at cards lately -

There's nothing to write to you
about - but if you were here -
oh, Hugo - big-boy, we wouldn't
have to talk much, would we?

Yes, there is some news - I
painted Billy today and it is
really a strong point in your
favor - "Art" is disgusted! But
my excuse is that I wasn't in
the mood - I was sort of lonesome.
(That is going around in circles.)

Oh, well - good-night, Hugo -
from Nora.

More
kisses!



Mr. Hugh M. Drigley
Pennywainia Pa
Tyone
Pennywa

MRS. JOHN A. WEIMER
THE SALISBURY
201 EAST KING STREET
LANCASTER, PENNA.

Doesn't the pen write beautifully?

MRS. JOHN A. WEIMER
THE SALISBURY
201 EAST KING STREET
LANCASTER, PENNA.

Jan. 3, 1924.

Hugh, dearest, I've just been brought home from the dance by Barbrie and his sister - I got so tired and guess that she thought I was sick and made me come. I was glad - I wasn't sick, I was just wishing for you.

The dinner was great - I sat beside a visitor who handed me the most terrific line - I had to keep up with it but got so tired of it and I used to revel in it - it was that way all evening with all of them and it seemed

so silly and dull - one time I would
have called the evening a success -
tonight I could only wish I were sitting
in a certain ford on a certain road
near Curtin with a certain - you! Oh,
Hugo, you see what you have done
to me and I'm so glad for it is won-
derful to love you and have you love
me. And hearing your voice tonight was
just perfect. I could have talked forever
if it hadn't been that you must save
money! You are so dear, Huglie.
I got the telegram just after I got
here and Mrs. Weimar, my hostess, was

MRS. JOHN A. WEIMER
THE SALISBURY
201 EAST KING STREET
LANCASTER, PENNA.

not here and, Hugs, I didn't know
whether to scream or laugh or cry - so
I smoked a cigarette. It is too perfect
that Ma & Dad consented without a
word, isn't it? Why are they all so
good to us?

I've been furious ever since it
came into my mumbokull that I could
have got to N. Y. early enough to try
waiting till tomorrow - and we
could have had the news together -
oh, damme (I must!)

well, it was almost worth this miserable evening to hear you on the telephone - the wire sort of intensified your dear-ness, till I almost went crazy.

I looked hard at the quarry at Union Furnace to see where you are these days. And then the haze on the windows on the other side the little lenses looked darling! Dis sorry my telegram caused you to be teased - I thought it was so calm, at that!

Hugo dear, I must go to bed now if I am to get to N. Y. + your letter alone Oh, yes - I told Bubbie and he didn't say much and I told Luise + she was overcome with joy! Bubbie! Good-night - Your Nora.



Mr. Hugh M. Dugby

Bellefonte

Pennsylvania



them that they are not as substantial as you are! I can almost wish you were here - I've been wishing that ever since you nearly got killed jumping off the train.

I'm all alone, but not a bit lonely because I'm not here - I'm with you, closer than I ever was.

My train was an hour late but I got to my lecture almost on time - it was on the muscles of the chest and stomach and I didn't want to hear about them - I only want to hug your nice big muscles!

Jan. 4.

Hugh, Hugh, Hugh, Hugh, Hugo!
Oh, how can I write when all I can do is make noises? You are wonderful, I love you, I am dying, I've just begun to live, I am so unhappy, I never was happier in my life! In short, I've gone entirely off my head over you!

The flowers are wonderful - my room looks and smells like a bride's bower. I love the flowers but most of all I love the thought that made you send them - I hugged them and kissed

I ate supper there at the League and came home to find a pile of letters, with your two darling ones on the top and a lot of packages - more Ma's presents - one of which was from Ma - a pair of lovely pink silk bloomers and an adorable nightie all made by Ma. I shall keep them for my trousseau.

My trousseau, Hugo dear, - all the pretty things which I shall wear when we are married - in June! June seems so far away - and it can't be later than June, can it?

I have been studying the picture I have of you - it is nice, but the hair is parted on the wrong side and it isn't curly enough - no mussed up! But I don't want you to bother to get another. I don't need it - I think I can paint one of you from memory, anyway!

My room is in a turmoil, unpacked suitcases, unwrapped presents and my bed isn't made, but all I can see in it is roses and narcissus (spelling?) and lovely June flowers. Good night, Sunny, I love you, I love you, I love you, more each time I write it! Always your Nora.

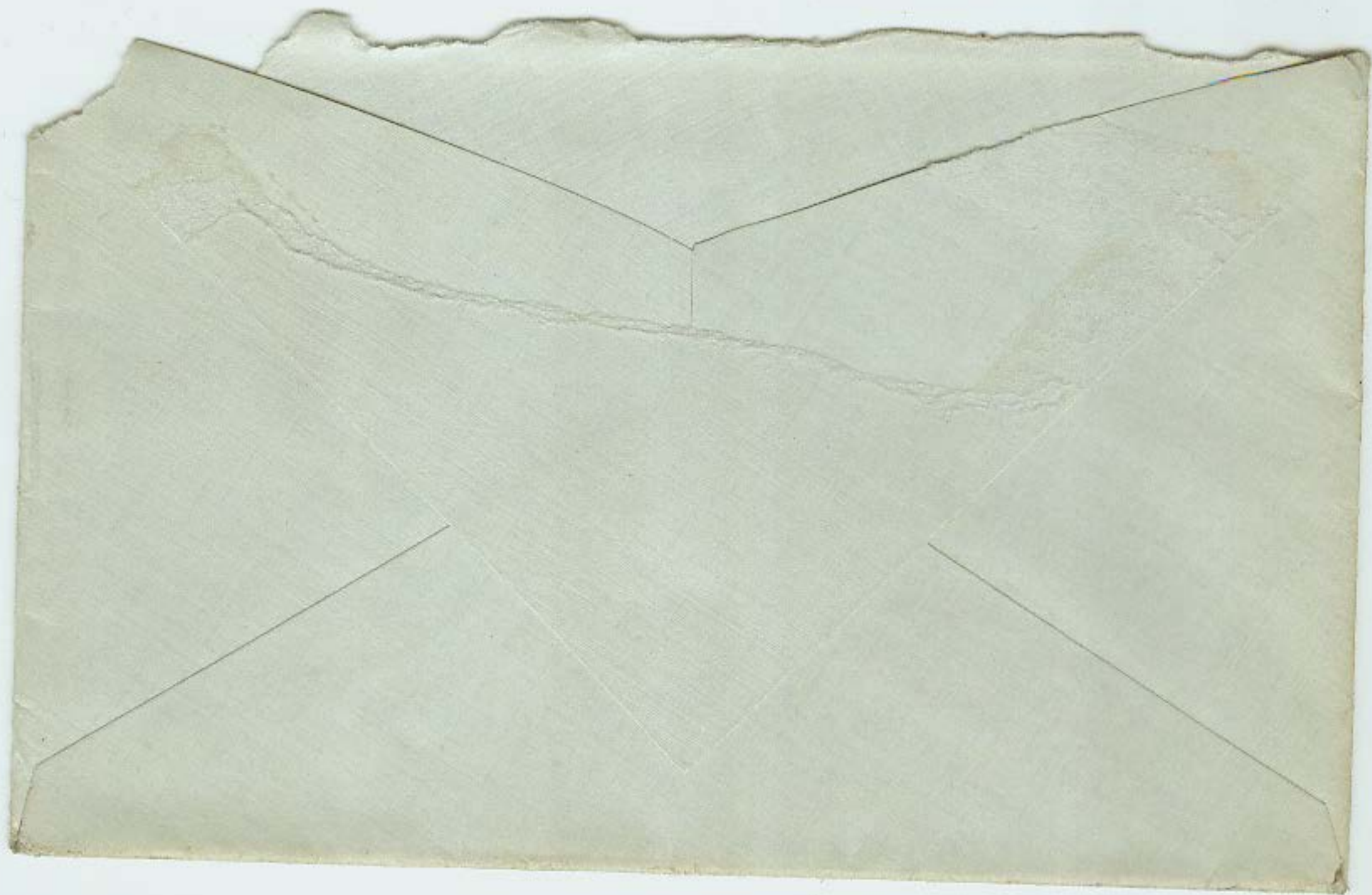


REGISTER
OR
INSURE
VALUABLE MAIL



Mr. Hugh M. Drigley
Pennywainia House
Tyone

Pennywainia



I had lunch today with Jane Boyd -
strange that she should see
something the matter with me! -
so I told her and she was so
glad too - why is every one so
glad, Hugo? And then I met
Beau - and he was darling,
altho once he said we were
just children and wondered if
we knew our own minds!! Wasn't
it awful to be thirty two and a
bachelor? Poor Beau.

I went to his house to
dinner, and the judge knew
and said all kinds of nice things

oh, Hugo! I wish I could see you right now!
Sunny dear, my eyes are almost
shut tho it's only eleven, but I simply
must have a wee chat with you -
only it isn't a chat - merely a monos-
logue - oh, Hugo's I wish you were here!
It's so hard to write when I can't
even think how I feel - as you said,
part happy & part miserable, but
entirely peaceful & content with the
future. The approach of reality does-
n't scare me a bit - it only peev-
es me because it doesn't approach
fast enough. And I love you
more each minute.

oh, Hugo! I wish I could see you right now!
Sunny dear, my eyes are almost
shut tho it's only eleven, but I simply
must have a wee chat with you -
only it isn't a chat - merely a monos-
logue - oh, Hugo's I wish you were here!
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even think how I feel - as you said,
part happy & part miserable, but
entirely peaceful & content with the
future. The approach of reality does-
n't scare me a bit - it only peev-
es me because it doesn't approach
fast enough. And I love you
more each minute.

Do you remember last Saturday night when I stayed with Marie - this is so different! Beau just brought me home and I showed him my Xmas presents, etc and the telegram. Then he left telling me to go write to bed. Oh, dear I misspelled "right" - tho, I don't know - for I am going to bed after writing this - on the lid of a box on my knee on bed as it is too cold in the studio. It is bitter cold out but nice and warm in here, with your flowers smelling so "jorney".

What will the family say about June is my present - worry - I hoped for a letter from them today, but I guess it went to Belkfonte. Did you get one? I wanted one from you, today, too - don't you love me any more, Hugo? But I know you do - you just have to, for I love you so very much.

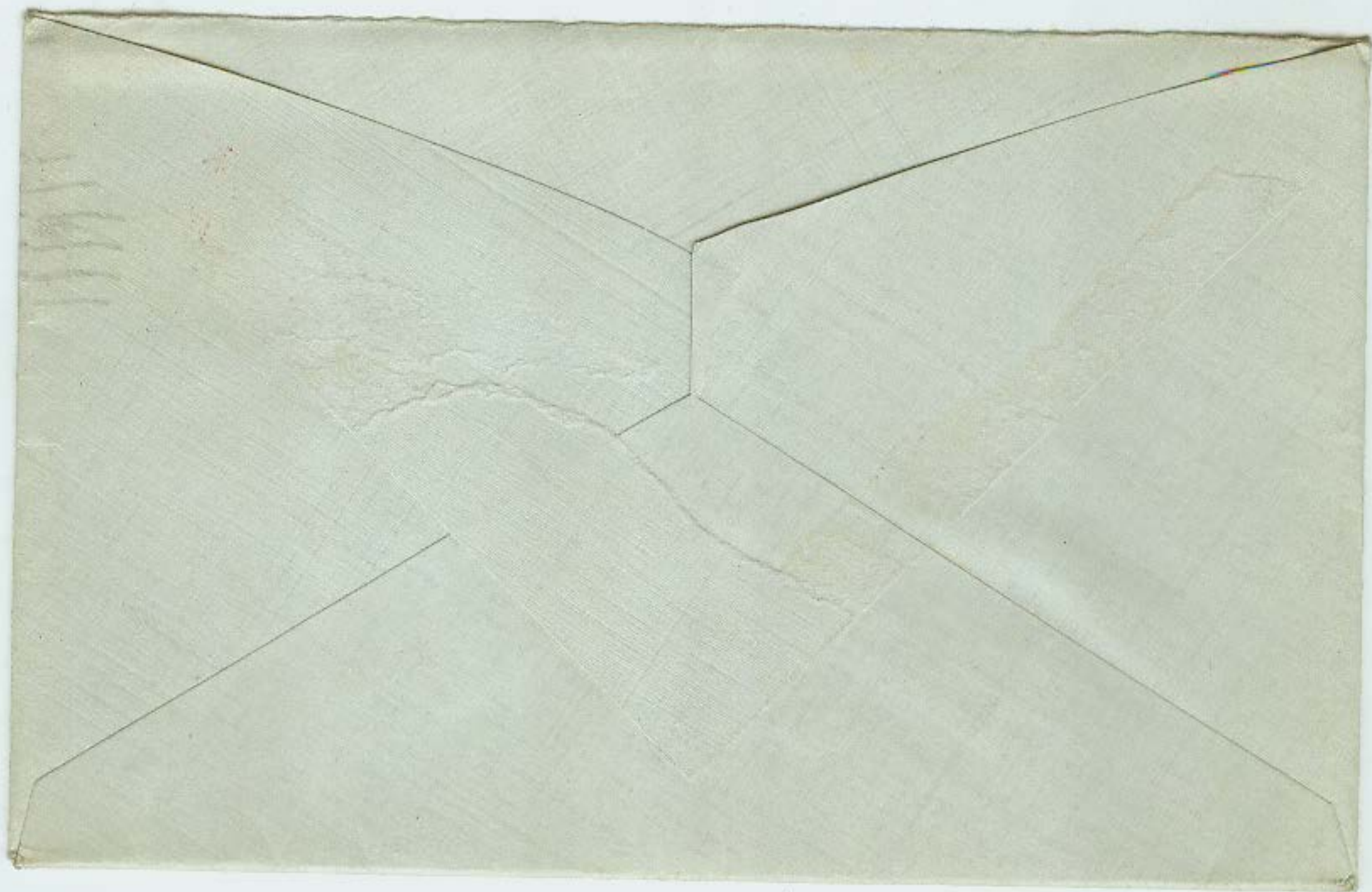
You are in Belkfonte tonight - god, I wish I were! Give them all my love, including the old Shorttege - he is sweet, isn't he.

You mustn't worry about me here - I'm as comfortable as I can be without you - and tomorrow night, Catherine, my dear room mate is coming back.

Good night, yours, dearest, so far away - now



Mr. Hugh M. Drigley
Punyswanian House
Tyrore
Punyswanian



day in June -

I had a bad night - in
the first place - same as you -
I can't sleep and when I finally
got to sleep it was only to
wake up and realize that I'd
forgot to turn out the hall
light - and my very cross
Landlady! So I had to get up
in the coldest cold - then,
having again, with patience
transformed thoughts into

58 E. 78th St.
Jan. 7.

And my own dearest Hugo, do
you really think I write lovely
letters? Well, I know someone
who writes ten thousand times
ten thousand lovelier ones - and
he is a little fellow named
Hugh - in fact he writes such
wonderful letters that I just
live to receive them - oh, per-
haps I live for a little more
than that - perhaps, for a

write more, and, I'm afraid, can't even go out to mail this - but I love you - always.
Yours.

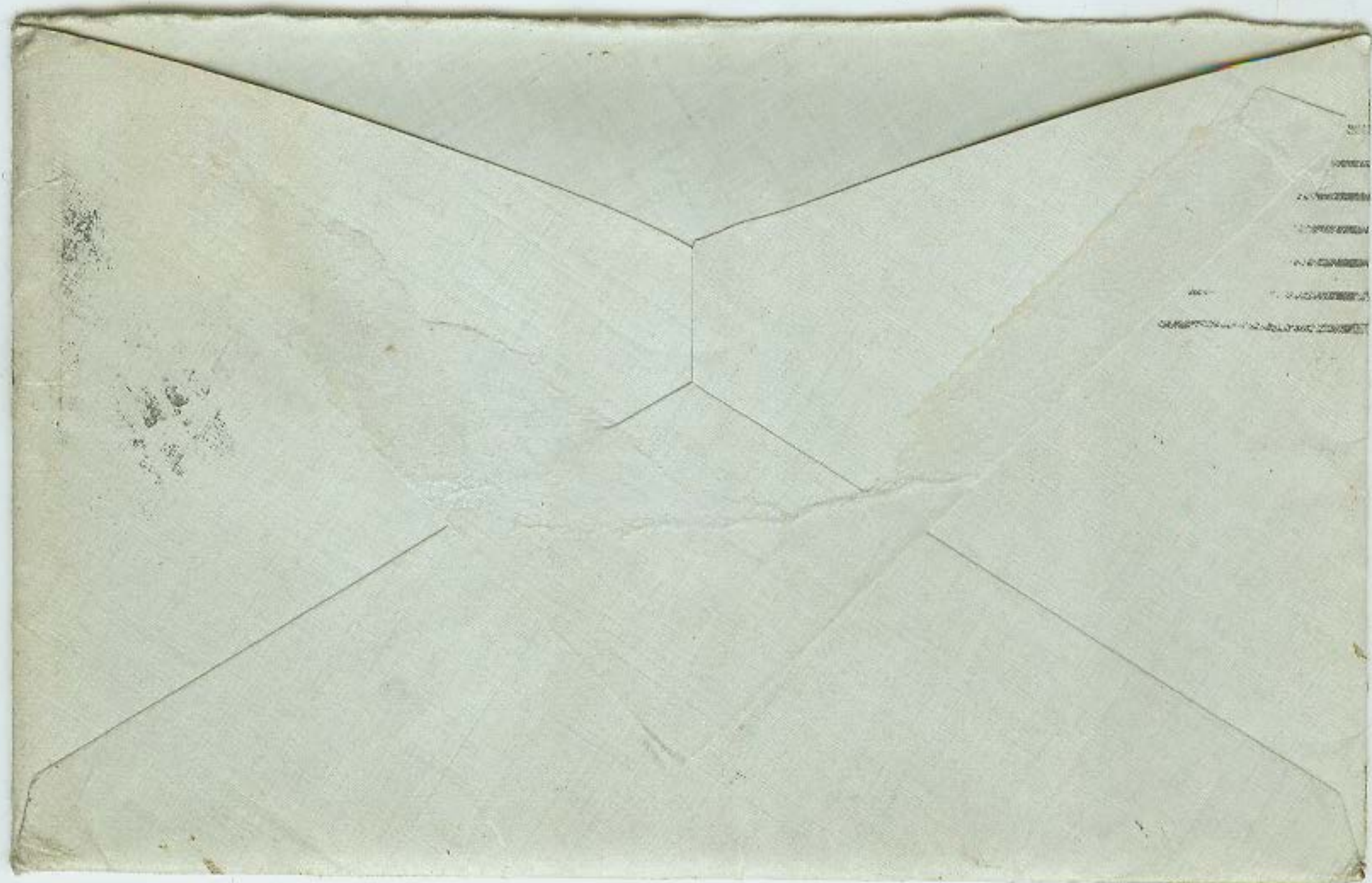
dreams of you, I was rudely awakened
by my bed breaking down! And it
took me half an hour to mend it.

Then, this morning I got two letters,
nice ones, from Dad & Ma but none
from you! For a fraction of a second
I doubted, but then I remembered - you
do love me! And when I went
out I found your special - and
what a special! I read it walking
down the street & when I finished
my fingers were numb - but the
rest of me was glowing!

My roommate returned - but this
apartment is too cold after Florida, so
she will visit a friend on Park Ave
for a week. I would be lonely if I
sat & thought about myself - but
I can't think of me - except in con-
nection with you and then - when
is the loneliness? I've just had dinner
with Cousin M. - she asked about you & I
actually did not tell her the news! Bravo!
But I am very tired tonight and must not



Mr. Hugh W. Lingley
Pennywaria House
Yonkers
Pennywaria



First however, before I fall in
a dead faint on the floor let
me say that obliquely (?)
went into a jeweler's today &
found out that the finger is
size $4\frac{3}{4}$ or 5. $4\frac{3}{4}$ if the
ring is heavy, he said. And I
gave him the "little oval" to
reinforce and feel so lonesome
without it.

I got to class late this
morning & when I went in Mr
Tubs shouted across the room
"Why, hello, Nora - glad to see

54 E. 78th
Phone. Rhinelanders

3396

But I think you
do know it.

Jan. 8

Hi my, my love,
I love you -
that's all I can think of - I've
a million things to say, but
I'm dead tired, being on the
bum at present, and all my
neary mind can muster is
I love you, I love you - but,
lordy, what more could I
wish to say!

you back - we thought you were lost -
everyone was wondering what had
become of little Nora Reynolds, but I
told them you couldn't lose her - not
a girl from Pennsylvania!" And all
the time everyone was looking at me,
the new ones with wonder, the old
ones with a friendly knowing smile.
And later he had to ask me all
about the mountains - he is from
Williamsport, you know. He is an old
dear, but I hope he doesn't find
out I'm engaged for he has the
most awful habit of getting out
from one end of the classroom to the
other! And my work pleased him
today. I got a letter saying that Kitty
Tutz is coming on Thursday to
visit me - it means I must get out
of my shell, which I suppose is
good - and I've just finished trying

it? But I think the nicest
time was when we told the
"next of kin" - that Sunday.

Of course, Hugo dear, we
shall be married in June -
depend on me for that, but
I am not saying so much
about it for a couple of
weeks until they have got
used to our being engaged.
When they get used to the
idea I don't think June
will seem so sudden.

to get millions of people by
phone to make theatre dates,
etc. I called up an old Armstrong
look boy, but Bubbie's brother
who is with him here answered
and said that the Lancaster
papers had big headlines
this morning! It seems that
Ma & Dad have announced
"it" - it was quite a sur-
prise to me - I wonder if
it was in the Bellefonte
papers, too. It is getting
more & more exciting, isn't

giving me! Won't it be great to be married - just you & I, belonging entirely to each other! And it would be wonderful if we could have that house next to Scotty's - dear old Scotty, he wouldn't know which half he lived in!

And the thought of the ring is beginning to make me awfully excited and I'm getting curious as to what it will be like - no, I have no further desires about it other than those you know. I'm glad you're so decidedly made up your mind about it, for above all I want it to be your ring. Oh, sunny dear!

I am going to send you a sheet of music! Can you play a piano, or even pick out the notes? But it is a tune I love and I play it on my mandolin every spare minute I get - and, strange, think of you. I saw the play &

all the time we have missed.
Well, I am certainly doing my
best to make up for it now.
Such, how I love you, Hagler.
And this morning Mr. Lubs
said "Nora, you look radiant
some pretty nice days in those
mountains, aren't they?" And
I just caught instead of obeying
that impulse and shouting
at the top of my lungs that
the very most wonderful
man in the world is in

we don't fit the characters
at all, but I love the song
all the same. In the play
the man was the dumb bell
and the girl had an awful
time making him realize he
loved her. While, in our play,
it was I, who was so blind.
To save me I can't under-
stand why I haven't loved
you like this since the days
when we borrowed (?) your
clothes to dress up in. Think of

those mountains!

Your picture makes me mad -
I look at it and smile and it doesn't
smile back - so I have to close my
eyes and look at you & smile and
then - funny! how you do smile!

If I didn't have such a vivid ima-
gination I don't know what I would
do so far away - but I'm sure it
will be exhausted by June and then,
dearest, we just must be married.

Don't think because I never
mention your coming over to N. Y.
that I don't want you to (can you
think that, really?) but - I don't
want to be to blame if you lose
your job - so I leave it all to you.

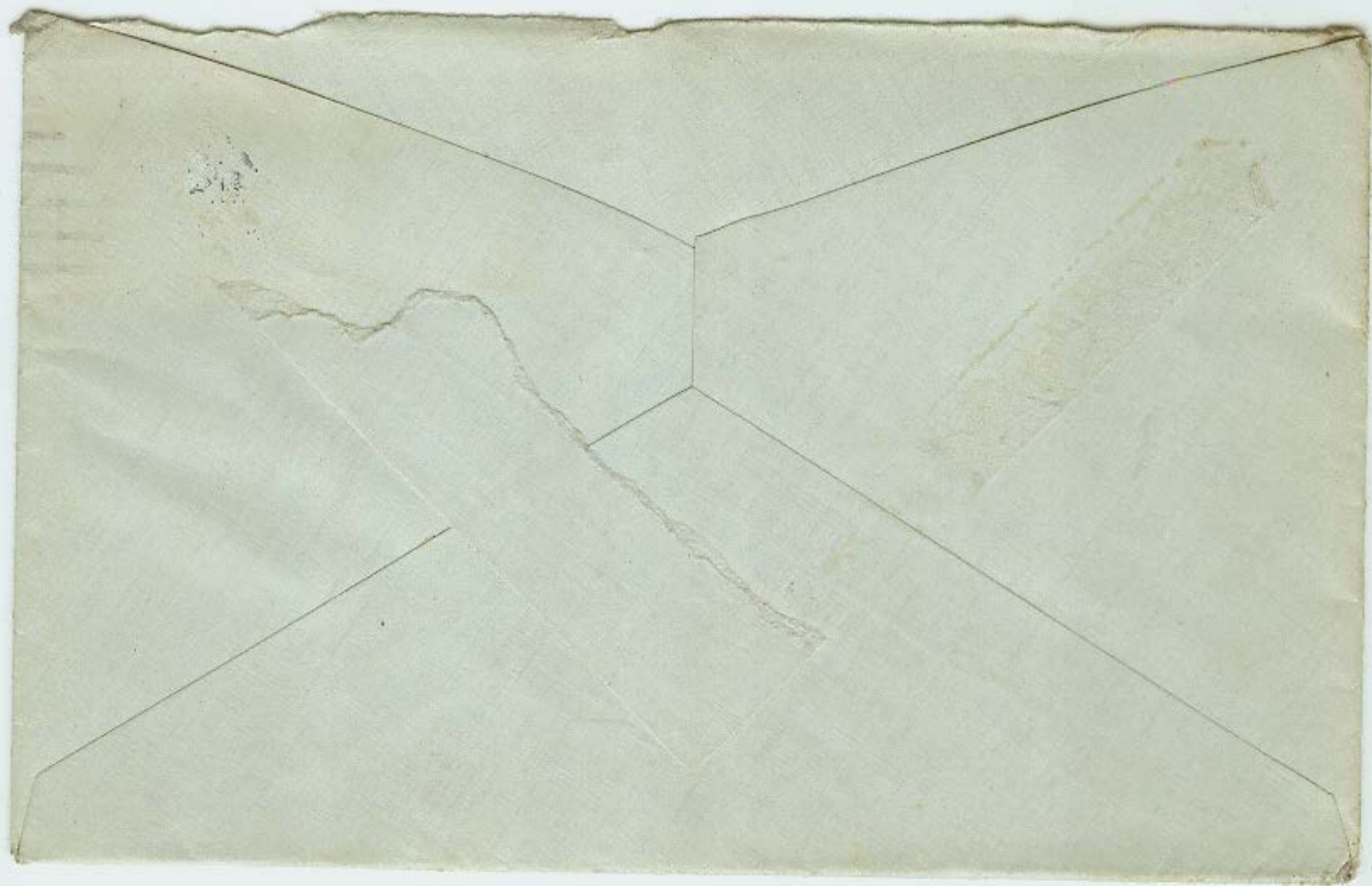
I must run out for a bite of
dinner as it is nearly seven - thirty,
mail this, come back & try to make
some kind of order out of a mess of
letters & papers and then to bed - to wake
up one day nearer June & you! Your funny.



REGISTER
OR
INSURE
VALUABLE MAIL



Mr. Hugh M. Lingley
Pennywinn House
Tyone
Pennywinn



four, brothers & sisters, went on the same day last year - it's sort of an anniversary. And tomorrow, Kitty Lutz comes and the next night my very first "love" has invited us to dinner & theatre with him & a friend of his. He is a lovable sort of a fellow, not much taken to girls.

I've heard from him off & on for the past four years and he still seems to think his faithful to me so I hope he won't be too much taken aback when I tell him about you, Hugo dear. And Saturday night I'm giving a theatre party - a boy who used to be in the Cork

5-8 E. 78th St

Jan. 9.

Hugo dear, it is such a comfort to get a letter from you every morning and also it has become a most enjoyable habit to write to you each day - I look forward to it sort of like looking forward to the turkey dinner on Christmas - sort of, I say, for that is the nearest I can get!

I seem to be in for a lot of plays the next few days - tonight I am going with Beau and Jane & Ritchie Boyd to see Walter Hampden in "Cyrano". We

works (the one who lives here with Bubbie's brother) and Beau, if I can not think of a better. I hate to spend the money for it - I want to save every cent to buy wedding clothes - but I suppose I must do something for my guest. He insists on going dutch on the food, etc. so that will be about all I can do.

After school this afternoon I took a bus ride - it was so nice & balmy and I don't get too much fresh air.

I got a letter from Ma today - they are coming North in April. She said she didn't see how she could get me ready by June - in a way that suggested that she might be coaxed. Don't that encourage? Also a letter from Aunt Louise, telling me how piggish you were with Martha's chocolate ice cream! Don't you know you must appear to have lost your appetite thru love for me!

I was reading over some of your letters written before Christmas - and every one said something about being broke! Now now are you going to get married, sunny, my love?

But, tell me, do the little houses like the Sheffers cost much? Let's get one of those - I think they are sweet. This was your
must write to Ma now - this was your
just a line to tell you I love you & am, oh, so happy! - Nora.

Calderone



REGISTER
OR
INSURE
VALUABLE MAIL



Mr. Hugh M. Zwigley

~~Pennsylvania~~ same

~~Lyone~~

Pennsylvania

113
9



got a telegram tonight, too and
at first I thought maybe you
were coming & was so excited -
but it said "we have announced
your engagement, so it is no more
a secret," Dad - But it fell
rather flat as I had just fini-
shed reading these enclosed
clippings which Kitty brought
me - weren't they beautiful? she
says Lancaster is in an uproar
because it was taken by sur-
prise and they all were betting on

Beau didn't bring your letter over to show me! Dis-
gusting!
The judge
told me
last night,
too, that
he wants
you to
stay
there
when you
come!
Fine!

5-8 E. 78th St
Jan. 10

Hugo dear, Kitty has arrived
and I thought I wasn't going to
have a minute to write to you,
but fortunately Beau took her out
for some ice-cream and here am
I - in Tyrone with you - I hope
you get this before leaving for
Rifle tho I won't be able to mail
it till tomorrow morning.

I got two letters from you today,
funny my tone! And how
happy they made me! I

any without leaving that alone you more & more - goodnight, my darling, your humming
Bubbie - but they are very much pleased -
for Bubbie wasn't, or rather isn't (I forget
that he still exists!) popular in Lancaster.
But just wait till they see my wonder-
ful big Hugo in June - then their present
pleasure will seem microscopic in com-
parison with their delight in the reality.

Oh, Hugo dearest - I just don't see how
I can wait until June - Oh oh I can't
even think about it and remain seated!
And I'm just dying to see you - but do
wait for the ring because you simply
can't make too many trips and you must
put the ring on my finger. Huggie!
won't it be wonderful to have a bright
shining conventional symbol to show the
world that I belong to you and you to me.
Gosh - it's overpowering to realize that -
and that you love me more than any
thing else in this great wild world - (I
meant "wide" but I guess "wild" will do!)
As you said in one of your dear letters
the knowledge that the other one loves
us is almost the most wonderful part
about it. But I must stop & go out to mail this
for I can't bear to think of your going one

AMERICAN FINE ARTS BUILDING
215 WEST FIFTY-SEVENTH STREET
NEW YORK, N. Y.

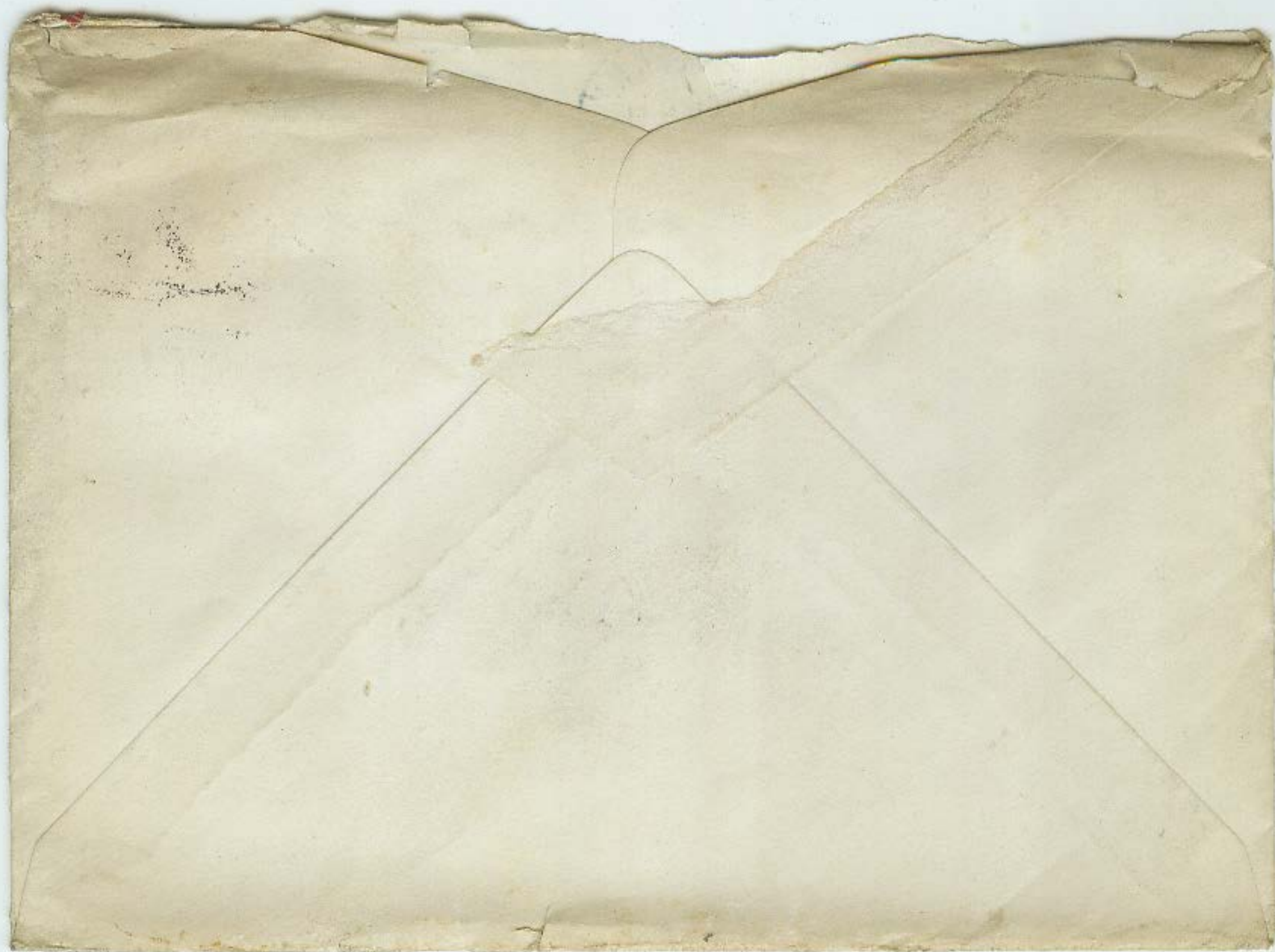


Mr. Hugh M. Dingley

Bellfonte

Pennsylvania

Center County



THE ART STUDENTS' LEAGUE OF NEW YORK

215 WEST FIFTY-SEVENTH STREET

Jan. 11-

I can't put any endearing heading because I'm afraid some one might see it - I'm in the lunch room at school and about a million people are sketching me as I write - this pen you gave me leaks - I now have ink as well as paint all over my fingers - It's just after my afternoon class and I've a few minutes before my lecture - so how better could I occupy my time than writing to you, my dearest? I'll have to rush when I leave here - I'll go out with Johnnie & the lot of them. Isn't it awful for an engaged girl to be going to so many parties with other men? But you don't mind, do you, Sunny

for you know if you were here I
wouldn't even know another man
walked the face of the earth. gosh,
I wish you were here! Oh, Hugo, will
these six months ever pass? I realized
today that I've been here a week - it
seems like ~~since~~ six years.

I had lunch with Kitty & left
her at a movie with instructions
how to get home - poor dear, she
must be having a lonely time - she
even admitted that when I am with
her it is not much better for ~~she~~
I am always far away - thinking
of you, Big Boy.

Mr. Lubes was in fine form
today - once he said these smooth
haired snaky men gave him a
jit & he didn't see how girls could
bear them either - if he were a girl
he would pick a great big lanky

THE ART STUDENTS' LEAGUE OF NEW YORK

215 WEST FIFTY-SEVENTH STREET

fellow like he was driving a team
of four horses with all his muscles
braced and shouting out with the
pure joy of living - and I pictured
you like that and wanted to shout
myself with the pure joy of living
& tell him that I had picked just
that kind of man. Could you
drive a big team, Hugo - but I
know you could. In fact I am
sure you could do any thing!
Don't it awful to be so sure of
one mere human man. As a rule
I think men are humming and
easily fooled - but you! - I
wonder if I could fool you?
I've just addressed the envelope

at the lecture - I just discovered
that I'd skipped this page! how
dreadful! Mr. Bridgman is drawing
a beautiful man but he has been
drawing them for the past hour
+ a half + I'm getting a bit rest-
less. Some day, Hugo, you must
pose for me and I shall make
a beautiful Greek god picture of

you - as Hercules + Adonis com-
bined! (He's drawing the vastus
exterius now - remember it?) It's
too hard to write + try to listen
to the lecture, too (for I must take
in an awful lot of art in the
next four or five months) so I'll
say good-bye again, for I really
don't think I'll write again today!
All my love to Sunny from his Sunny.

TELEPHONE CIRCLE { 4510
4511
4512
4513

THE ART STUDENTS' LEAGUE OF NEW YORK

215 WEST FIFTY-SEVENTH STREET

and now I'm going to scribble
on until the ink or paper runs out.
Last night when I went out to
mail your letter I realized too late
that I'd given Kate the key - so
I had to stand on the corner &
wait for her & it was hours -
she & Beau had taken a walk. I
was mad for then I was beside the
mail box with your letter in it
and I might have been writing
more. So all I could do was lean
against the box and mentally
put all kinds of nice messages
into the letter - I hope you got
them. A girl just interrupted me to

burn a cigarette - this is the most
delightfully Bohemian place and
I love it so - but, and I can't quite
understand it - I love you more!
Don't you yourself think it is
funny, that, after all my vows of
faithfulness to art & single life, I
should so completely and so
easily fall in love with you!
But I'm so glad I did & that you
are you - anyone else!! - but I
guess that's why - because you are
you - oh, dear me, it is so won-
derful & whenever I try to think it
out I just go round in circles
always ending up with you, dear.

And don't you hope we will
always be this way? so many
people tease me and say this

TELEPHONE CIRCLE { 4510
4511
4512
4513

THE ART STUDENTS' LEAGUE OF NEW YORK

215 WEST FIFTY-SEVENTH STREET

present blissfulness doesn't last.
I suppose not - it changes into
some thing even greater - but still
I wish we could retain some of
the enthusiasm. Let's try, Hughie,
let's always be lovers - even when
you are bald and I fat! Goodness,
it will be hard then, won't it, for
I won't be able to muss your hair
and you won't be able to get your
arm around me! Well, I know,
we just won't get bald & fat -
that's easy - we will just always
stay young & happy & love rich.
And the way to do that is not
to worry - so don't you start

ing, but now the arm is bent & I'm wondering if there is a little someone

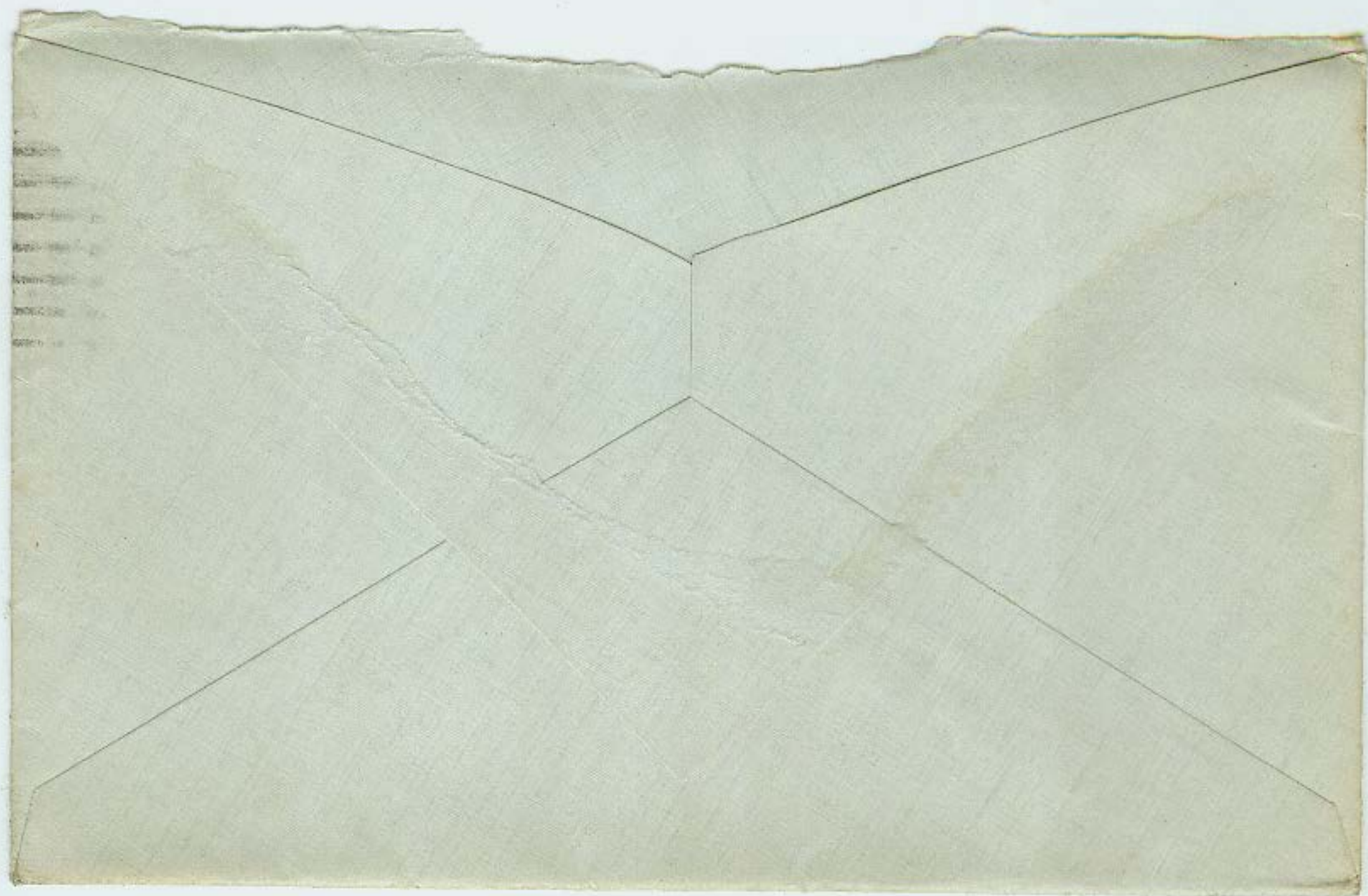
P.S. I didn't get a letter from you this morning and it was raining -
worrying about the wedding dress
and where we will live & what we
will eat for all that is bound to
come without worrying even tho
we live in a tent and eat snails -
we will enjoy it so much more
because we will be young &
happy & content & not worried.

One of the girls just came in with
"my" little owl which I asked her
to get at the jeweler for me. It
looks beautiful & strong now and
I am so delighted to have it back
again. It is nice having your pin
but I can't love it as much as
the "lit' owl."

This is the last sheet - I had
thought of writing on an extra sheet
I have here, but, I guess I better be
sociable to the girl beside me - it
will not be hard for she knows
about you. Bye-bye till tomorrow -
Your Nora.



Mr. Hugh M. Quincy
Pennywarrick House
Tyngsboro
Pennywarrick



of you - Kate said we had
a good time last night - we
went to the Fraternity Club (I
wonder if Zeta Psi [spelling?] is
in it?). To dinner & then saw
"Little Jessie James" which has "I
love you" in it with a V. Whitehead
orchestra - I loved the whole
thing but the "I love you" remind-
ed me so much of the dances
in B'to and Phil's record of it.

No, I don't mean it reminded
me of them at all - it was you
in connection with them.

I'm rather in a haze - I'm so

58 E. 78th St.

Jan. 12

Hughie, my big dearest - I've
just come in from shaving
Kate the little town and she is
at the hair dressers getting curled
for tonight, so I have a moment
to scribble my love to you.

I'm getting so that I say "the
more I see of men the more
I love" - Hugh! That sounds
as if you weren't a man
don't it, but I mean they all
seem to bore me - not not
bore me, it is merely that I
forget they are there & think

Yours letter, before supper & turkey dinner, came this morning - they were sort of cool - Hugo!
tired and next week I have to pore -
with my clothes on, Hugo dear! There, I
just said that to make you mad, but
you don't care what I say to you, do
you? Kate just came in with a box of
candy, a little fellow like the big one
you gave me - but that is quite right
for she is a little fellow & you are big!
Well as I was saying I'm tired &
tonight, oh - I didn't finish last night
did I - good lord, I'm even beginning to
write the way I act! After the theatre
Jolene & his friend who was nice
took us to the Rendezvous to dance. Saw
a friend of Dad's there & his wife - they
go to Nassau tomorrow & I "told them" so
now Nassau will know. Well - Jolene
was awfully sweet and said you must
be a very happy man - are you happy,
Hugo - can I always make you happy?

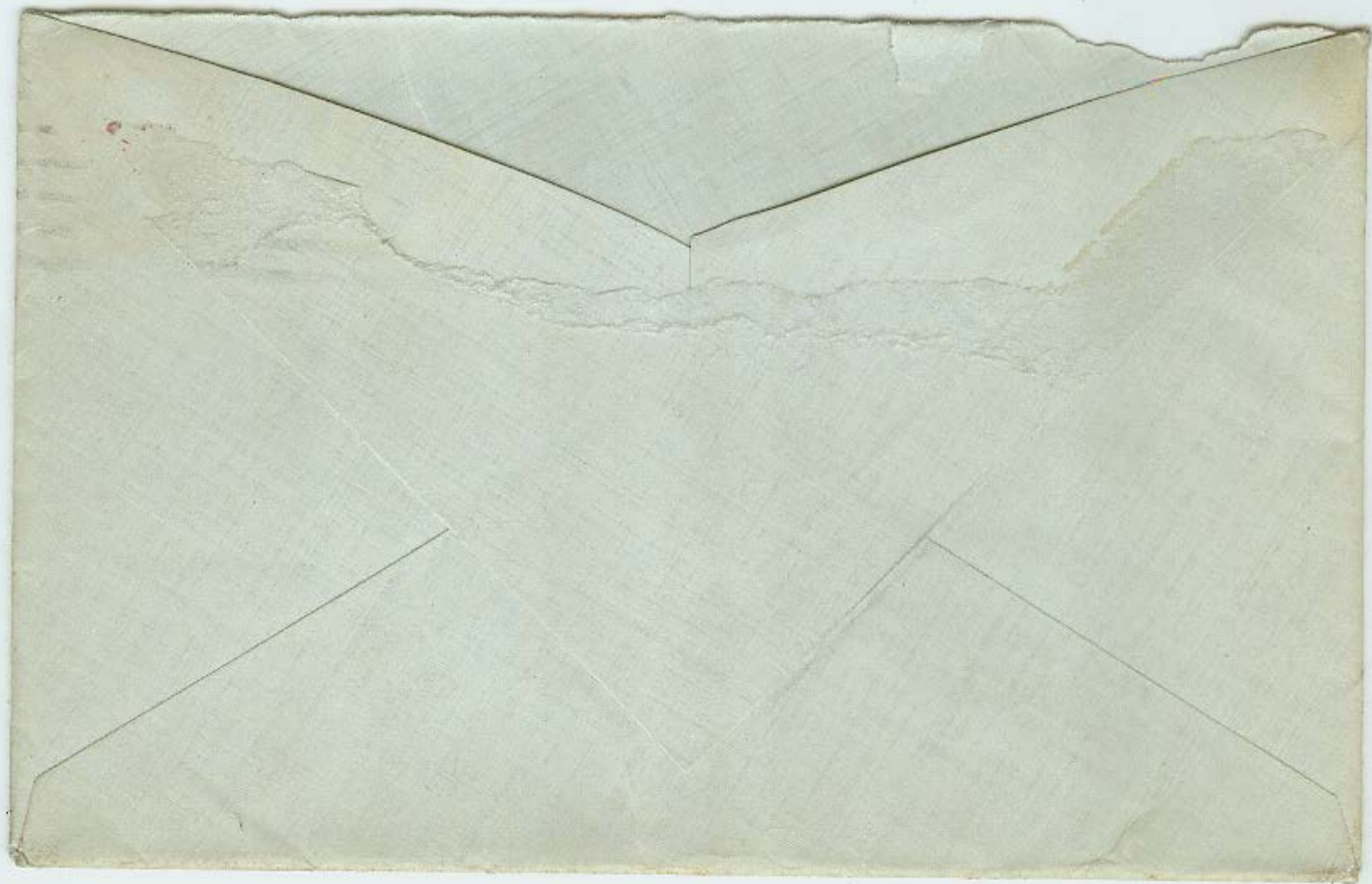
Poor Kate is shelling the peas
for supper so I'd better help her altho
she is singing "She loves Hugh, she loves Hugh"
that's to interrupt that very true statement.
Oh, yes tonight we theatre with a big boy
(not quite so big as you) and Beau. I think
I shall take on Beau, I'm too tired - & happy - to flirt. Love
Mora.



REGISTER
OR
INSURE
VALUABLE MAIL



Mr. Hugh M. Dingley
Pennsylvania House
Tyrone
Pennsylvania



the happiest human in the world.
I love you, Katie, in fact, it is
getting bigger than I am and
almost terrifies me except that
it is so beautiful and nothing
beautiful can really terrify anyone.

So it was the business that
put the faint, foreign tone in your
letters lately - and the business is
because of me - well, that is all
right and I'm glad you are
so interested and pray that you
work the job out the way it
pleases you most. But please,
Sunny dear, don't let it worry
you! That's wrong and can't

58 E. 78th St.
Jan. 13.

My own dearest Hugo, your
special greeted me good morning
this morning even tho it was
my cross land lady who handed
it to me scolding because lately
I have got so many specials &
telegrams, altho some of them were
for Kate. She thinks she is in
love, too, but I doubt it because
she isn't happy as I am. I don't
believe anyone, not even you, dear,
is as happy as I am - tho I
hope you are and want you to
be - but still, I am undoubtedly

hard to think of it in connection with
you. Kate is sitting here talking to me
every now & then & is most distracting.
We have actually stayed home to do
"those things which we should have done"
and now I'm repaying myself with the
joy of writing to you.

The play we saw last night "Jane
McKain" was a peach - clever lines
and not so many love songs to infuriate
me by reminding me of you - that
sounds queer, but I mean, I hate to hear
a mere actress sing to a big audience
just the words I would like to be whisper-
ing in your ear. I was going to send
you a song, remember? - but I've
changed my mind - I shall sing you
my own songs, sweet heart.

Aunt Louise called me up from
Philadelphia this morning, wasn't that
sweet? It was so good to talk to
someone who loves you, too - for Bea
& Kate here think I have too much and
oh, Hugbie, I couldn't possibly equal
one tenth of you with my raving.

world to see & benefit by - if
they did not have that feeling
there would be no art for they
would have no inspiration or
desire to put that feeling into
some form - pictures or words.
So you must make a little
allowance for me, forgive my
love - only, really & truly I
shall never breathe any thing
you say to me, for me alone.
You want those dear words
to be for me alone, so I shall
be selfish enough to keep them.

Hugo dear, I sort of can't talk
of any thing besides you - and I
am often afraid that you would
not like it - thinking of that
night outside your house in
the field. But, please, I just
can't help it - it is not that
it doesn't mean so much to
me, it is - well, I guess it
is the only fraction of an
artist's soul that I really have -
for artists are made so that
they must pass on a beauti-
ful feeling for the rest of the

Beau said he tore up your letter as
he always tears up his letters. When he
said it I felt cold - it seemed too awful
that he should just calmly tear up
something you had written.

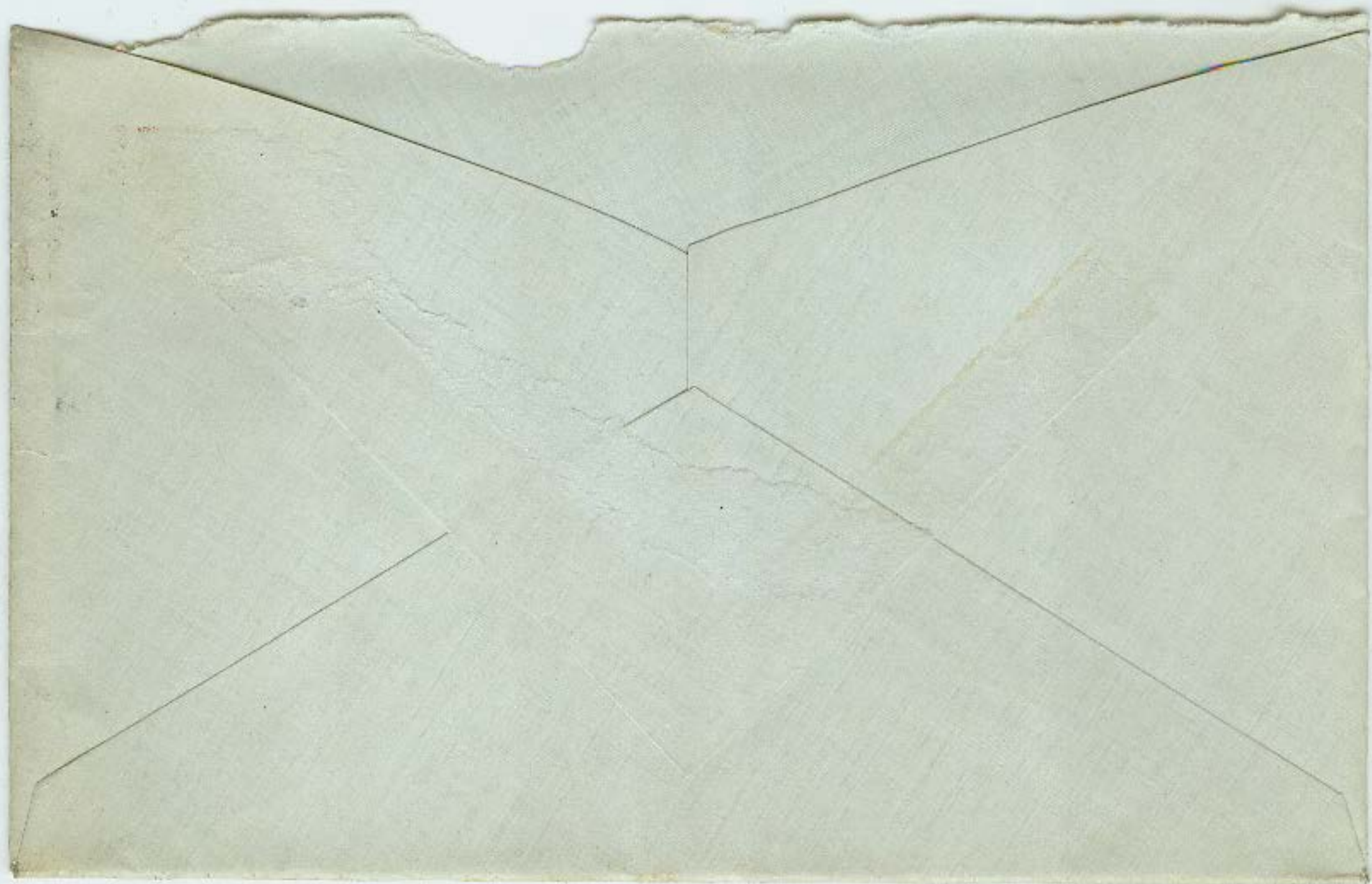
I haven't heard from the family
lately and I don't believe Dehalla writes
tonight having already taken too much
time from my guest. She is a little
dear, tho, and puts up with me beauti-
fully. Tomorrow night we are going
to dine & dance with two boys down
in Greenwich Village. Bah!

When are you coming, Sunny, to
see your little Sunny? Do you know
it is surprising how very "Sunny" I
am these days - even tho so far from you.
But it is because I am so near to you,
isn't it!? Because I love you more
than any thing in this tremendous
universe - Hugo, do you really love
me more than any thing else? But,
of course you do - my love for you
makes you love me even tho you started

gosh, you started something all right!! good night, dear, from
your dear,



Mr. Hugh M. Dingley
Pennywanna House
Tyrore
Pennywanna



Freedom is making up lovely
stories about you & me. I
was rudely awakened by
Kate at 8:30 and then I
did wash - & was on my job
at 9:03!! It is awful
but I'll buy something for
us with the ten dollars.

I got an engagement present
today from Lottie Appel! A
lovely nightie - quite exciting.

I have a feeling that you
are coming next week-end

54
Jan. 24

Hugo dearest, just got that
wonderful long letter you wrote
yesterday and am up in the
clouds - I think I am dressed,
and I'm waiting for two bays
to come to take us to dinner,
but they are late, thank god,
so I can write to you.

I love you - oh, so much,
I'm just unconscious! I
posed today - have to all
week and the only thing
that saves me from extreme

and I have to pose Saturday morning
& Sunday the whole class is going
to the country & Mrs. Fuhs is going
to cook for us! But I don't have
to go to that - and Aunt Louise
will be here - but what I mean
is I'm just hoping you are coming
'cause I'm really fading out for want
of a glimpse of you - but I wish
all these things would come
at once. Hurry up & tell me when
you are coming & are you
going to take the ^{night} ~~early~~ train &
get here early Saturday morning?
I'll be at the train to meet you -

Oh, damn they have come
so good - night, Hugo darling
with more love than the
world can hold!!

Gosh - I love you -

Love.

I'll send you ma a picture soon as I can.



REGISTER
OR
INSURE
VALUABLE MAIL

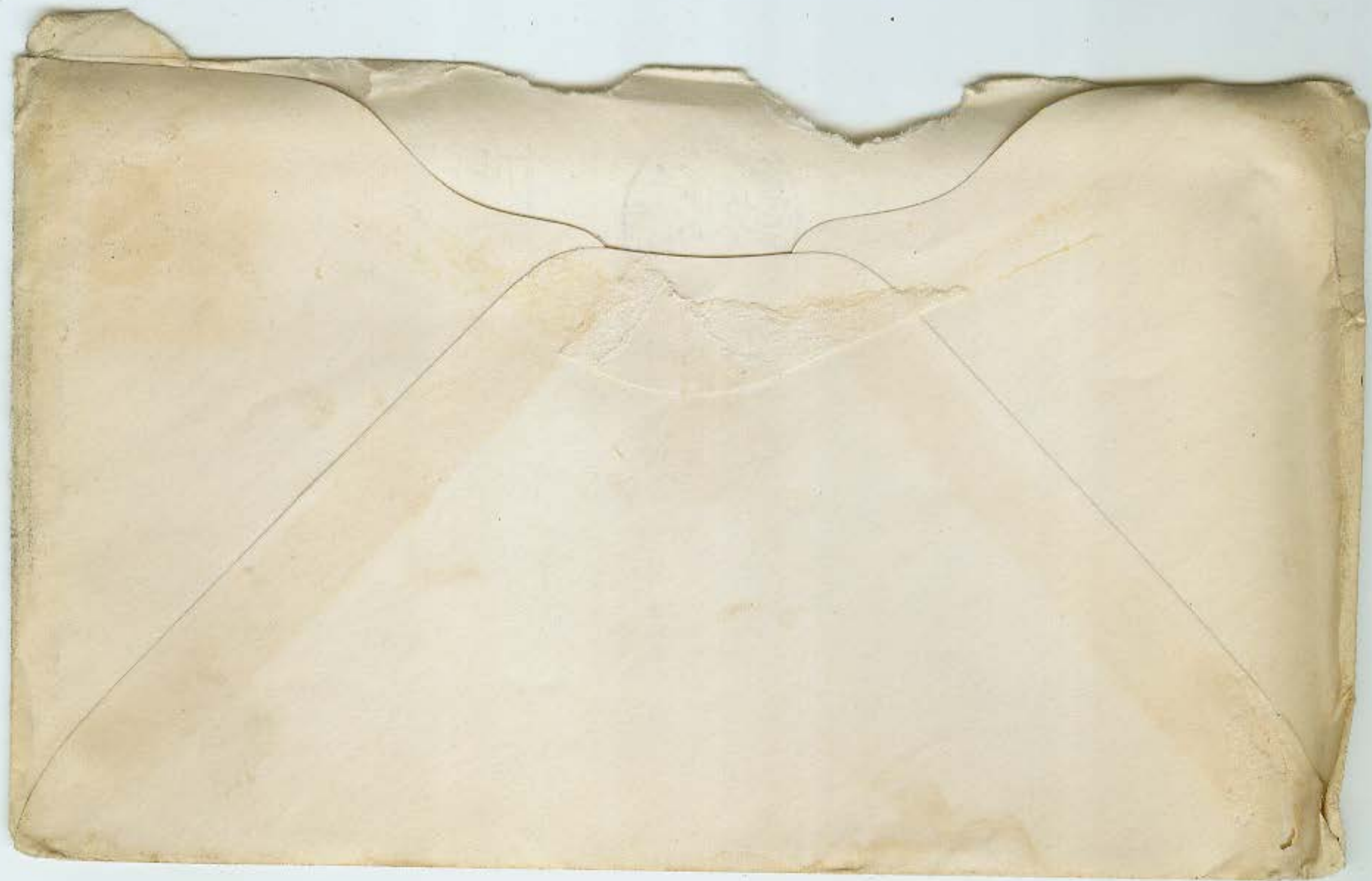


Mr. Hugh M. Lingley

Pennsylvania House

Tyone

Pennsylvania



130 EAST FIFTY-SEVENTH STREET

NEW YORK

Jan. 13-

Sweetness yourself, I got your ^{letter!} ~~special~~
in a Chinese restaurant today! Kate met
me there for lunch & had brought it with
me and it was just a lovely letter - I
may have eaten rat-tails for all I knew
at lunch while reading it. And now I'm
in Jane Bay's room waiting for her - I
carry your little pen (it's kept leaking)
around every where, you see, in hopes for
a minute to write to you. Oh, for
at least two peaceful hours alone in
which I could really write to you!

The past week has been so full of
hurry & bustle. But Kate left this
afternoon - I was sorry & yet glad for
it was so strenuous. Catherine, my
"worry" was to return to night but
she has a cold & is still afraid of the
big apartment so I have got Jane Boyd
to stay with me for a while.

Cousin (not Cousen, Hugs!!) Mamie
had me there to dinner tonight, having
had a letter from Ma about us and
she was so excited and wanted to
hear all about you - even asked me
to bring your picture - which I did, & it
is now before me. She said to tell you

130 EAST FIFTY-SEVENTH STREET

NEW YORK

she loves you for loving me! And
she wants to see you when you
come. Oh, Butie dear, when you come
but I must not say anything about
that - only, it is hard not to for I'm
so anxious to see you again. Do you
know I think my love for you is in-
creasing every minute now - it is awful!
I have the same trouble as you with
the inadequacy (or pelling? but you under-
stand it?) of the English language and
have fully decided in favor of equals
& noises - only they don't go well in letters.

Today my tortures of posing were
lightened by Mr. Tukes saying all
kinds of nice things about me from
an artistic standpoint. Hugo, I would
give any thing to be perfectly beautiful
just because I belong to you - I am
far too inferior even in beauty for you
but I would have liked you to hear
all Mr. Tukes said.

Tonight I sent off my last
photograph to your Mother. I shall
write to her in a day or so if I
ever get the rest of my thank-you
notes, etc written and I have to
write to scores of people to "tell"

130 EAST FIFTY-SEVENTH STREET

NEW YORK

them - I just love to do it - I haven't
written to Minnie or Mary yet either -
and Ma! - not for a week, I think!
But you, sunny my love, have got
a letter from me every day, haven't you?
And once, I believe, you said I was
a very bad correspondent!! But I love
to write to you now.

Mum ph - Jane has just come
in, so we will have to go on
to my house and I shall have to drop

this in a box on the way - I'm sort
of tired tonight any how but I pray
that tomorrow I can write a nice
letter to you, sweet heart.

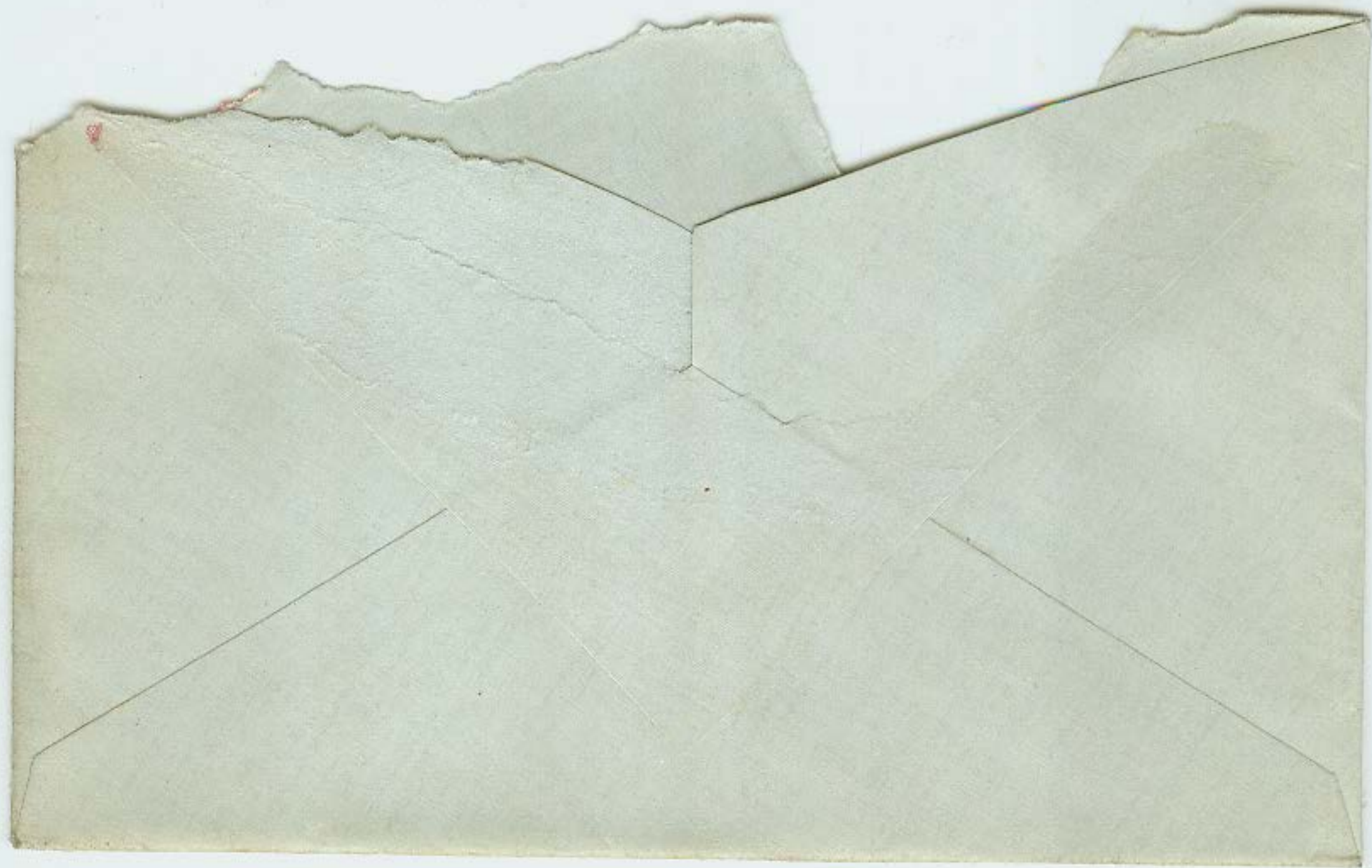
I just love to call you names
like that in letters but when I'm
talking to you I get scared - if you
would like me to say much I'll
try them when I see you.

Well, I must stop, so good-
night, beloved from your Nora.

I'm thrilled to death at the thought of
having an up-to-date picture of you - tho
I've become quite attached to this one. And
I told you you mustn't - but, I'm glad!



Mr. Hugh M. Dingley
Pennywanna House
Tyone
Pennywanna



I should get stiff from sitting
still instead of, naturally,
from kicking a foot ball like you.

Oh, Hugo, I'm tired - and I
love you - I seem to love you
in every condition. That is one
of the many differences I find
in now and the times when
I thought I was "in love" - I
used to hate the object of
my affections when I was tired,
or maybe when I got up from
bed or some time - but now!

with Jane Boyd again.
Jan. 16.

Funny my tone, this is the
seven th letter I've written today -
seven th heaven, at last! But
damn it all, now I'm tired and
my trapezius muscle aches - I
didn't know that one was used
in writing - it is the one in the
back of our necks. Pretty nearly
all my muscles are sore, too,
and I think it must be from
posing! Isn't that funny that

Oh, Hugo darling - I'm just overwhelmed.

I left school early & went home & wrote
letters, then I went out in a terrific storm
& come here to dine with Jane. It was
raining & blowing a gale & Catherine's
umbrella which I had taken blew inside
out! I never had that happen before. I
got soaked & my fur coat looked sick.
Now Jane has gone to a concert and
I'm staying here all night as I don't
want to be alone for fear I won't
wake up in time to be on my job. I
can't seem to get enough sleep these
days - I'm just worn out I suppose
from Kate's strenuous visit - but, and
it has never been so before - I am
so cheerful and so happy, sweetheart,
all because of you - my Jimmy.

This morning I read your letter
while hanging on to a strap in a
street car - you do write such
nice ones and they have been coming

Hugh when we go North to
find out his prospects and
if he can support a wife so
we can not make any plans
until then" - or words to that
effect. So I wrote today &
gave ~~my~~ ^{an} opinion of
that! Good gosh, I'm full
of plans already! And I
told them that you can
support me comfortably -
can't you, Haglie? Maybe
when you get there having

so regularly - I'm sorry mine
to you aren't so obedient - I
guess it's because I mail
them at so many different
times & places. When I finish
this I'll stop into the hall
and watch it go down a
glass chute - fun! - if I
lived here I guess I'd write
one to you every half hour!
A letter from Ma today
said "Daddy has to talk to

discussions with your Dad & Mr.
Phillips, etc. you might write to
Dad - no, I guess not - oh, I don't
know - do what you think best.
It is a nuisance this money business,
I feel as if I were being bought
sort of. I wish I could support my
self but I am such a fool about
how to try to commercialize my art.

I wrote to Phil tonight. You & he
are in Phillipsburg, I guess - hope it
isn't such a bad night as it is here.
You funny, of course, you must go
about & dance - I don't want you to
get stale, you know, only I can tell
you, too, that it won't be awfully
much fun.

I told Phil I wanted him to give
us that coyote at Milesburg for a
wedding present! Don't you think it
would be fun to have him as a pet -
he was so sweet. Well, good-night, dear,
I suppose I must sleep -
Your Nola.

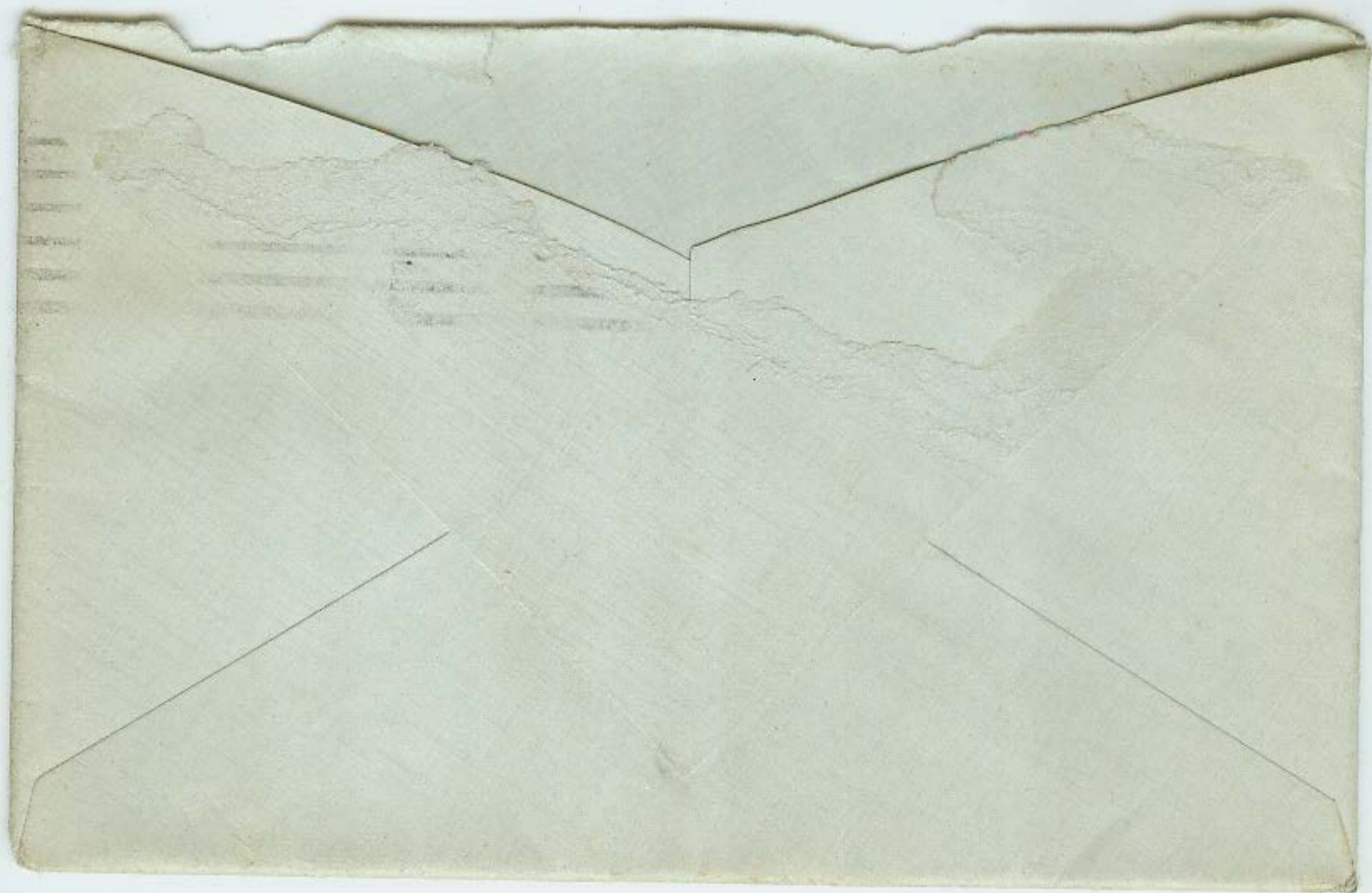
There will be no joy in waking up for your letter will be at 78th St & I'm at 57th!



REGISTER
OR
INSURE
VALUABLE MAIL



Mr. Hugh M. Dingley
Penney Wainia House
Tyone
Penney Wainia



now I'm amazed at how
my niece it is. I made me a
delicious supper - chicken & cran-
berries - only the chicken wasn't
a chicken yet, only an egg and I
squashed it into a big yummie
potato. Now every thing is clean-
ed up - except me - I'm a sight,
hair coming down - you know how -
and no belt on, for when I got
off the bus this afternoon some
one was sitting on one end of it
and I was in a hurry.
guess what I was in a hurry

58 E. 78' St.

Jan. 17

Funny my love, I'm so happy
tonight - I'm just sort of flowing
over and if you were here I
guess I'd start to flow over and
never stop until there was nothing
of little me left!

I'm all alone - not one single
soul to interrupt my thoughts
of you. I had sort of dreaded
staying up here alone lately for
I'd have no one to listen to
my raving about you - and

about! To get your letter! I had to wait
all day until 5:30 to get it - but it was
worth it. Hugo, I don't believe your letters
were cool that time at all - it was just
that I was so tired that I couldn't respond
& then as I generally do. So it was my fault.
You've no idea how tired I've been - have
not had chance to rest since I got back -
but tonight I'm going to bed at ten!

Today I got letters from Mary & from Mrs.
Sheffer - both of them darling. When the
news comes out in the paper send me a
clipping, will you, Big Boy?

Last night sleeping with Jane
wasn't much of a success and I got
up sleepier than I lay down. It was a
very narrow bed and a very hot room.

Mr. Bridgman, my drawing teacher,
complimented me on my work today - he
doesn't say much generally. We were
doing fingers & hands today - some job!

But, when we build a house
may I have a studio with a north

all that silver of mine at
Aunt Lamine's will be more
than we can use unless we
rent a house on 5th Ave!
I wish we could tell every one
just what to give us - I'm
getting awfully mercenary.
Kato & I were planning the
wedding one afternoon for fun - it
grew bigger & bigger & when I
said you didn't want a big one,
she reminded me that it
meant more presents! so we

shy light on the top floor?

Jimmy Patrick! want it
be fun when we have a house?
Only I will most likely get
mad because I have to keep it
clean and you'll get mad be-
cause you have to pay the
rent. Now, Hugo dear, can
you honestly imagine either
of us getting mad? I can't!

Be sure & raise it abroad
that we want rugs & furniture
etc for wedding presents as

shall have to have a big one, dear!
They say I'm getting thinner, isn't
that nice? I'll stick it only by my
big ring which slides off now. Good-
ness, wouldn't it be awful if I got
lost then for my engagement ring! Maybe
I will if it doesn't soon come - Hugo,
when are you & it coming. I'm getting
awfully curious about it - what if I
don't like it?!

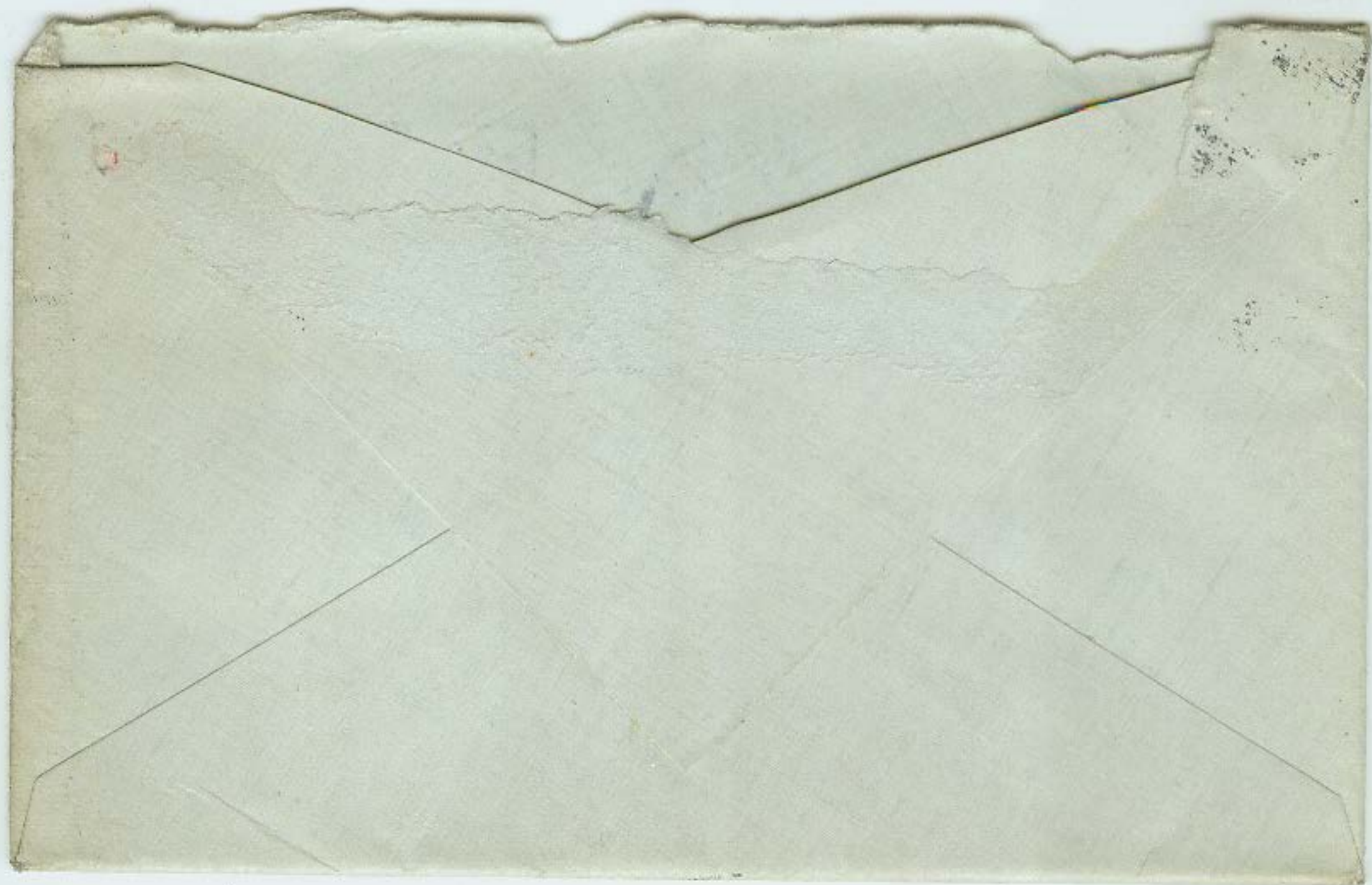
I think I shall have to start reading
the papers so that I can put some
intelligence into my letters - Did you
ever know anyone who could write
more about nothing than I? But
you must remember I say more
than all the newspapers in the world
when I say "I love you." Gosh!
I wonder how I have come through
to love you! Oh, Hugo dearest darling-
est sweetest, I'm so happy because
of you! Goodnight! Your Nora.



REGISTER
OR
INSURE
VALUABLE MAIL



Mr. Hugh M. Lingley
Belleville
Pennsylvania



man, of course, could work hours longer on it, but not poor little me.

I'll be glad when you are here to talk business for I never know how to take what you write about supporting me. First you say you haven't nearly enough for me and then you say you can manage it - you see how perplexing that must be to me! It takes a hundred + fifty a month for me to live here but you can't judge Bellfonte by that. But tell me honestly, can't we get married in June? I'm quite sure I can manage her on that line if you can manage Dad.

Again I read your dear letter on

Jan. 18-

Dear Hugh-

No one would suspect I'm engaged to you from that, would they? you see I'm at school again only this time I brought my own paper. I don't expect to get home until late so I have to stay here to a lecture until six-thirty then I'm going to meet an old friend for dinner & the evening. She is a girl I know very well in Bermuda and haven't seen her since, so I'm rather excited about tonight.

It's only three o'clock and I ought to be working now but I seem to do everything so fast and my drawing is finished - I just don't know where to put another stroke - Mr. Bridg-

the car hanging to a strap - I'm getting quite
clever at opening it, etc, with one hand - almost
as good as you are at driving a ferd thereby.
But I can't manage my expression and every
one sort of smiled at me - I guess they mean.

Last night just as I returned from
mailing your letter, Beau called up and
came over - I might have saved my steps.
He is so amused always when I talk about
you. He pretends to think I'm terrible but
really I think he envies me. Being in love
is great isn't it, Lunny dear?

And you are quite wrong about cousins
& cousen - it is all the same in English
regardless of sex. You are thinking of Spanish
or Italian or one of the languages of those
hot countries where they emphasize sex
more than we do. Please, spell some thing
else wrong - I love to be able to correct you!

I'm glad Phil is coming over to Syria
after. It is good for you both, but especially
for him - I mean, it ought to influence him
for the best to be with a nice honest
fellow like you - he needs a lot of in-
fluencing, you know, but it has to be un-
conscious. He is a dear - I love him, too.

is the right thing to do - the straight
and narrow path, so to speak.

Whereas the broad winding one
is so much more interesting
and people who are a little bad
are far more attractive generally.
I don't want to - and won't - be dull.

In connection with that there is
just one little tiny thought that
I don't like when I think of getting
married to you - I'll tell you about
it when I see you but don't let
it worry you - it's so insignifi-
cant. And then, all that seems
so ridiculous when I think of

Have you noticed that my
writing is changing - I must look
in my characters - from - writing books
to see if it is for the best. It may
be this new pen and again, it
may be because I'm changing. For
I find that I am changing and it
rather worries me! I'm afraid I'll
wake up some morning and
find myself saintly good! And I
don't want to be good. After all
you fell in love with me when
I was bad so you might not
love me so much if I turned
good. By being good I mean
always doing the thing I think

you for I can't think of any thing that
isn't good and perfect in you and that's
why I love you so very much - now
isn't that silly and just like a woman!

Hugo dearest you needn't be afraid
that your letters don't convey to me how
much you love me! They are the most
wonderful letters and every thing in them just
shouts out to me that you really do
love me and every day when I read them
a new wave of wonder & delight sweeps
over me. It is just too perfect - your
tone & my tone & the combination!
And the only thing I crave is to be
married to you and be "your own" en-
tirely! Gosh, Hugo! - I - well - !

If I write more on that subject
I'll go right out thru the roof and
the League can't afford to be mending
holes made by little students in love
so bye-bye till tomorrow. Give my
love to every one in Bellefonte. I have
not heard a word from Aunt Louise.

Ah, my chum from the afternoon class
just came in & asked me to go out to tea so I
guess I will - I must do some thing! Love, Nora.



REGISTER
OR
INSURE
VALUABLE MAIL



Mr. Hugh M. Dingley
American Lime & Stone Company
~~Union Furnace~~
Punnsy wania



sincerely! It was delicious - I
hope you like that meal for it
is so easy to prepare - I'll cook
it for you sometime. And in
order not to be lonely tonight
I put your photograph opposite
me and then I let my imagi-
nation get to work and actually
almost asked you to pass me
the salt, for the big black studio
had faded out and you + I were
actually seated at a little table
in a little room all our own.
Gosh, it was fun - but think,

Jan. 19 -
My big dear Hugo,
You are in
Bellfonte tonight I suppose - I
like to think of you there, where
I have known you + where I'm
going to live with you. I can't
picture you very well in Tyrone
except at the station opposite
the soda mints! And I hope
you are not there like that with
out me!

I have just finished another
"chicken" supper cooked by yours

Hugo mio, I oh, isn't that good - I just thought of it - is it Spanish?) if I get so much fun out of imagining what will the reality be ???

Got your letter today - they are beautifully punctual and I'm so sorry mine are not. I'm going to try something new and send this to the office. Tell me how it works out.

Aunt Louise won't be here until Monday - I'm getting awfully anxious to see her because she knows you. When will your photographs be finished? I want one awfully, mostly to show my friends for I don't need a picture to remember how you look. And this one I have doesn't do you justice. You might send one to Ma & Dad - they would love to have one, I'm sure.

Last night I had a great time having dinner with Nan - she hasn't changed much and was very excited about you & me. She wants to meet you

I just sat there & cried! Now
wasn't that funny?

I feel much better now-a-
days, Hugo, as I've been going
to bed earlier - it wasn't my
work that was tiring me, it was
my play.

Gosh, I was thankful at
twelve-thirty today - my posing
over and I got my ten dollars
& fifty cents - what will I
do with it?

I met Catherine, my roomy

in fact all my friends do and
if they all got their wish you
& I wouldn't have a minute
together when you come - so
we'll have to keep your visit a
secret!

Nan came out here with me
to see my "apartment" but left be-
fore I was sleepy - so I curled
up before the fire with all the
letters you've written since I was
and had the most gorgeous
time! And when I had finished

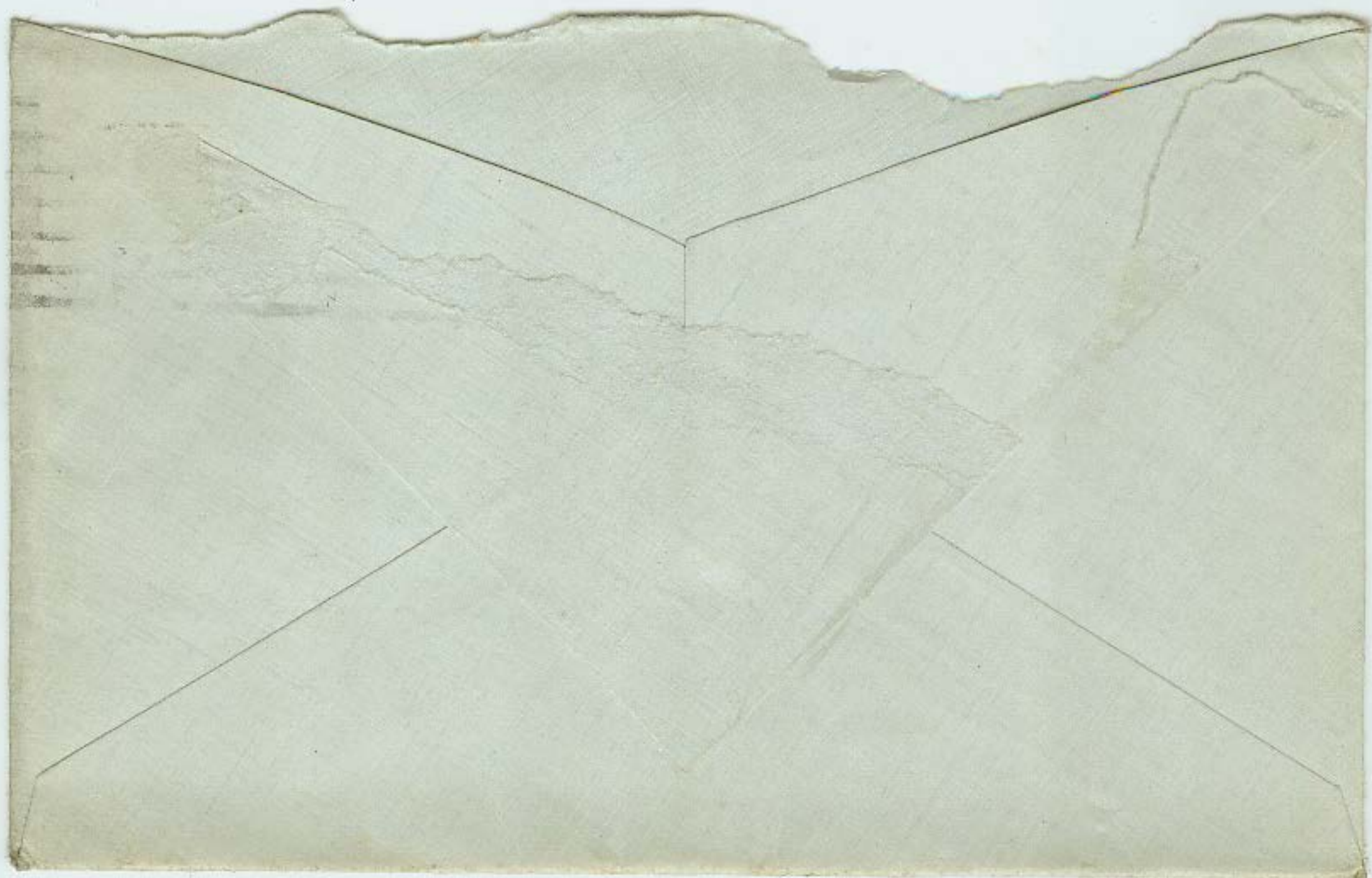
for lunch only I ate mine first as
I was very hungry! Then we slept &
took a bus ride & I treated her to tea - I
can't think why I did, for I want to economize.
But it was very nice and she was clear
about you - she made a pun once - "You
must get married quigley" - when I
was talking about June - and then we
laughed & laughed -

We walked home and saw lots of
excitement at the Astors' house - the
chimney was on fire! And about a
million inquiries for it!

I sort of feel like writing another
sheet but I guess I won't - I owe so
many other people. But as soon as I stop
writing to you I think of a dozen things
I wanted to say and the next day I've
forgot them all because I have a dozen
new ones! It surely is a hard life being
separated from the one you love best,
and, oh, for June! Do you know my love
is like guinea pigs - it multiplies so! I love
you more today than yesterday, ad infinitum! More.



Mr. Hugh M. Lingley
Pennywainia House
Tyrore
Pennywainia



fare as I got off and the driver
yelled at me and I had to route,
no, root, I guess, around in my
bag while the two waited and
every one laughed. Poor me!

Then I had an enormous real
chicken + cranberry dinner at the
Ward's and Beau + I took a walk.
I said oh how glad I was getting
married because I could have a
dog again (maybe?) and now he
teases me saying that - is the reason
I'm getting married! Ah, funny dear,
if he only could glimpse an ounce
of the real reason, wouldn't he be

Jan. 20.

Hugs and no letter from you
today and it is raw snow and I
feel so sad - But it's reassuring to
know you love me in spite of the
mails.

I went to church but Cousin
Mamie didn't appear - however I
enjoy the service at her church more
than any other - it is like Mr.
Maynard would like to have the
service at St. John's.

I came home in a bus and,
due to my absent-minded condition
since Christmas, forgot to pay my

as tounded! For even an ounce of all the
love I have for you is amazing in its
intensity! I love, love, love, love you, Hugo.

Then he came up here and I made
tea for him and we got to talking about
muscles and he is very proud of his and
let me feel some of them!

Now he is gone and I'm going down to
see Jane for a while, she is tired & lonely.

But I am not tired and lonely, funny,
for my heart is so full of love - I hope
I never get used to this marvelous feeling
of being in love. Tho, of course this separ-
ation does "erg" me. When will that
damn, but wonderful, ring be finished?

Judge Ward said his engagement ring was
sent to him at court from the store when
he was trying a case! I hope you don't
get ours in your laboratory, for you might
drop it in some chemicals and it would
all dissolve! Do you know I still have a
penny you once partly dissolved for me
in Bellfonte - and yet I didn't know I
loved you - what a silly little goose I
was! But I've grown such a lot of sense
now and such a lot of happiness!
good-night, dear, I love "Hugh" - Nora

you say "I love you" but I say "I love Hugh"!



REGISTER
OR
INSURE
VALUABLE MAIL



Mr. Hugh W. Drigley
Pennywain's House
Ynone
Pennywain



it believe the letter wasn't here -
I looked every where and then
looked at your picture and
almost cried - then realized how
silly I was - but!

And now I must rush back
to 57th street to have dinner
& the movies with Jane - I want
company and any way it is
pretty cold up here. It is aw-
fully cold outside - wonderful -
and lots of the store windows
are covered with the most
beautiful frost. I simply
had to stop in my rush up

Jan. 21.

Hugo darling, I'm just ready to
weep - no letter from you for two
days! It can't be that you are
sick or some thing - I would have
heard that - and it can't be work
that's keeping you from writing be-
cause it's a week-end - the last
letter was written on the 18th. Oh,
I guess it's just the mails, but
I certainly am disappointed - I
almost ran home after my lecture
just now and it is biting cold.
I rushed to my room and could

here to gaze enraptured at a frosted
flourish window - it was marvelous.

It was great to get back to
my painting today after that week
of posing - and we had a lovely
red-headed model.

Before the lecture I walked to Jane's
office in the cold for some exercise
with one of my afternoon classmates
and I told her I was going to be
married. I told her your name
and she said "I know a Duigley-
Ida!" She went to Rosemary School
with her. Wasn't that funny? She
raved about Dick and I told her
you looked just like him! It's a
small world - but oh! so big
between Syracuse & New York!

I hope you can read this - I'm
my big coat on & writing on my knee!

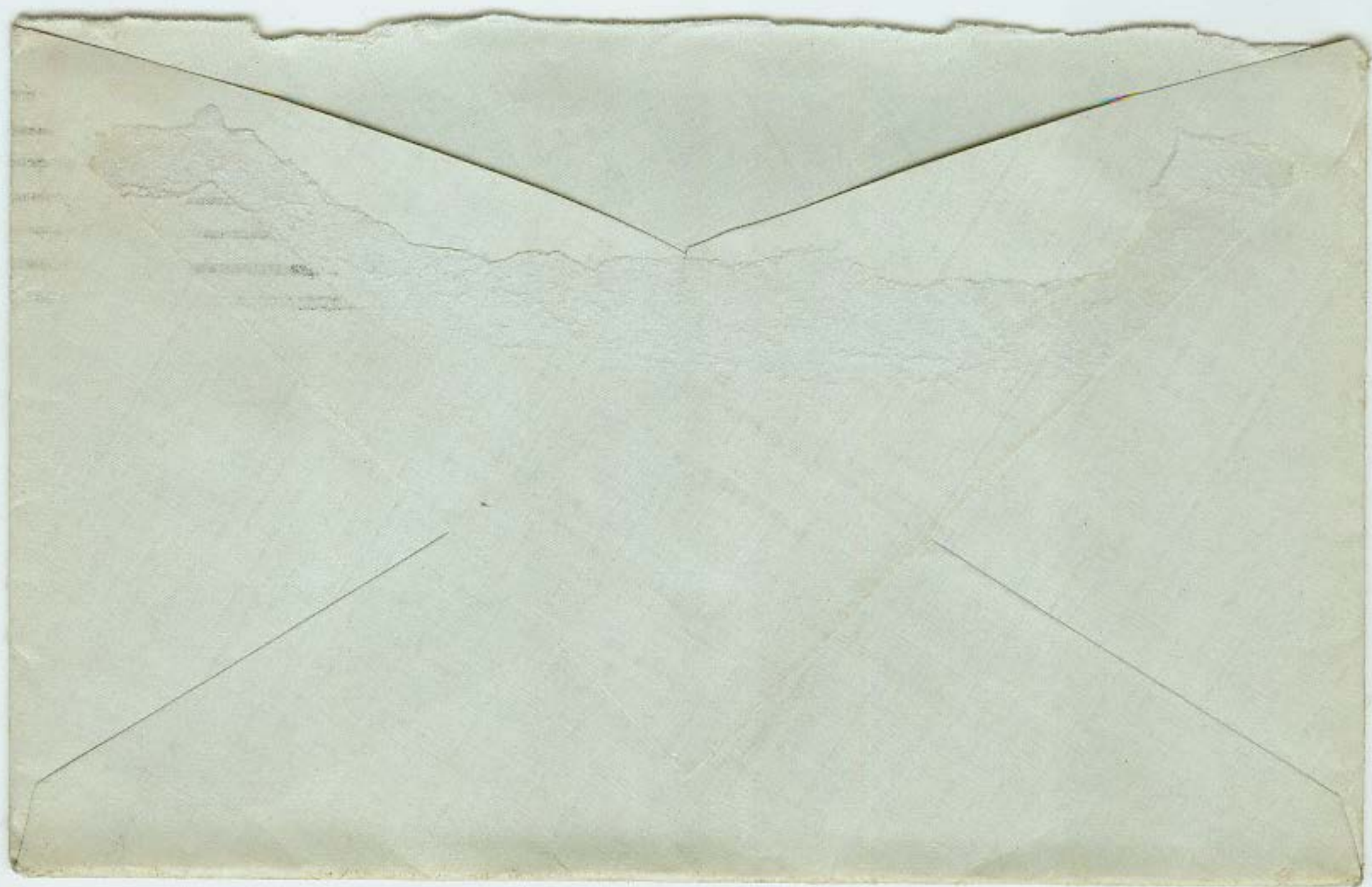
I hope you have my letters - I
can't remember if I put a stamp
on yesterday's! Oh, Hugo dear - I love
you - more & more - but, oh, for a letter! More



REGISTERED
OR
INSURED
VALUABLE MAIL



Mr. Hugh M. Lingley
Pennsylvania House
Tyrone
Pennsylvania



of my class-mates who is very much interested in us. And, as I was late I ran up the stone steps in the school two at a time and tripped on my dress and crash! down I went & smashed the glass in the frame! * I nearly wept, but one of the girls said if a little thing like that bothered me I'd better not get married! (She's married!!) The picture was just a teeny bit scratched - tho no one sees it 'cept me - and the frame quite a little dented - I certainly did crash! But now it

* If you fall upstairs you won't be married for 7 years!!

Jan. 22.

Hugo dear! I just love the photograph! Really, you can't imagine how glad I am to have it. It already has a history! It came early this morning - that is, as early as I could force myself to get out of my nice warm bed into this freezing room. (It isn't cold now tho) Well, there was no letter from you but the picture made me forget that sorrow. And, of course I had to frame it right away and take it with me to show Charlotte, one

has a new glass and looks beautiful.
Cousin Mamie said she didn't think it
flattered you - I guess I don't either, but
I love it, Hugo. It sort of smiles. I'd
like to have one of the big ones, too, please,
bring it when you come.

And thanks for the clippings - I'll
have quite a collection soon! You see
I got your letters - two, tonight - the "nesty"
one and the one written with Phil. I
liked them both - I didn't think the first
one cross at all - perhaps because I was
so glad to hear from you at last - but
I knew just how you felt. Poor Victor
extremes - is he well again? I hope so.
But you mustn't feel you have to write
to me, when you don't want to, Katie.
x x x I've just been gazing at your picture -
Cousin Walter said "There's a lot of man
there!" - I think there's all the man in
the world right there - I hate other men,
Hugo, they are so vile, but I love you.
Indeed, it just makes me - oh, good,
what's the use, I simply can't express

I don't feel like stopping and
it's after twelve and c-o-l-d!

I wanted to write earlier - I
went to Cousin Mammie's to dinner
& came home early but Beau
came over & stayed ages. I
wanted to write to your mother
too - I never seem to be able
to do "those things which I ought
to have done."

I did go to the dentist today
and have my teeth cleaned -
they are beautifully white now,
and the dentist, nice & young,
said cigarettes do not hurt them!

how much I love you.

These letters of mine are hard,
aren't they, as you say - but on
the whole I think mine done
pretty well and I understand
almost all you say. But it
will be wonderful to hear
you say these things. Are
you going to stay here from
Thursday until Sunday night?

Whoopee! Hugo darling!

Do you know I'm terribly
afraid this letter won't get
mailed tonight - I'm sorry, but

I'll have to light another on the strength
of that — now — altho, I tried just now
to write with my cigarette — I'll continue.

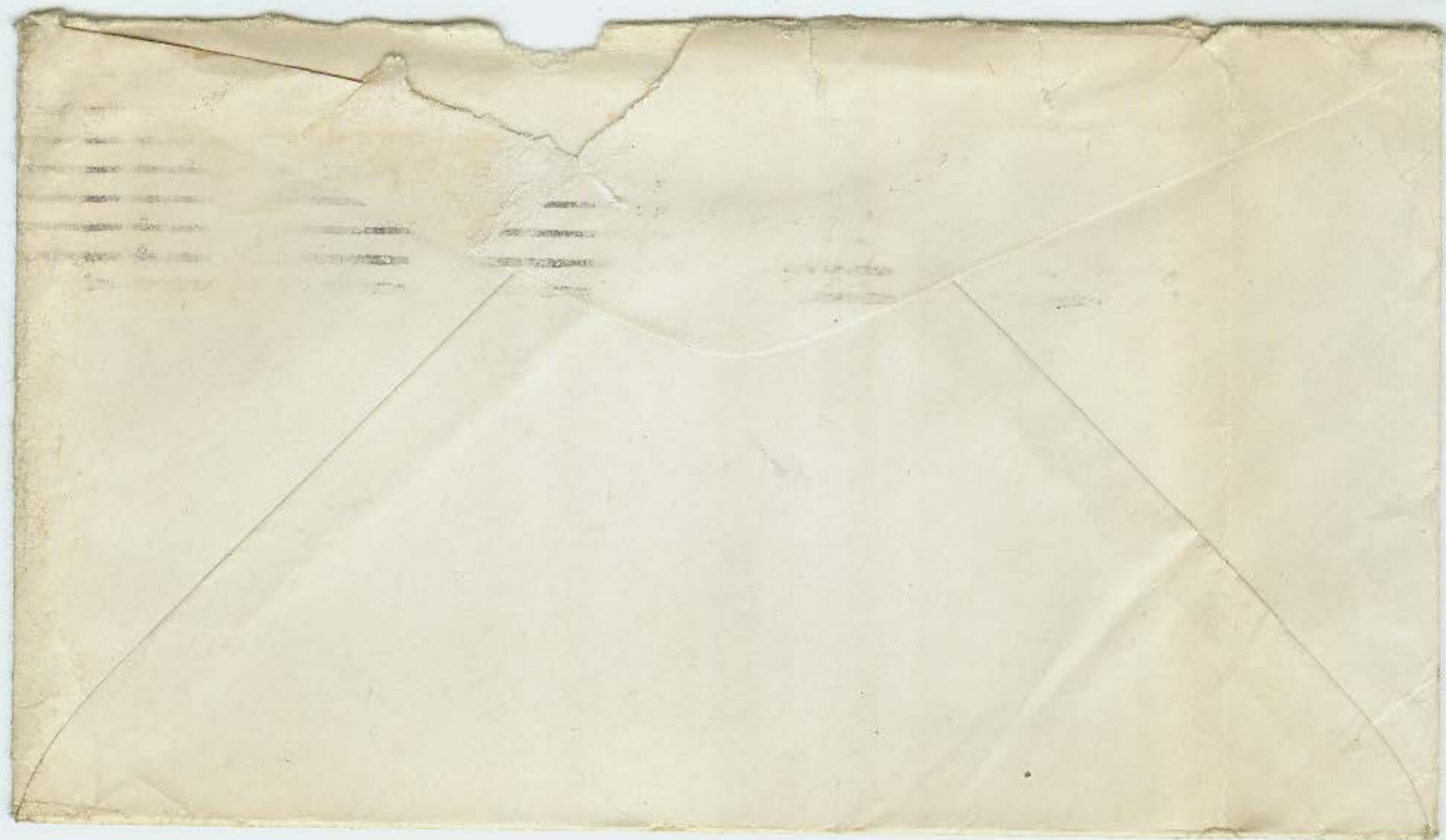
Do you realize it's just four weeks
today since the episode on Center Hall Int?
And just about six months from today
till we are married — oh, no I guess it's
five! Whoopee! again. I love you!

Forgive my tone, I tell you I am
bad but if you think I am good, I am
good and that settles it! I love you!
x x x Again gazing at your picture — why
did you slick all the curls away?
Because I wasn't there to pull them out?
Horny, + come over and I'll pull them
to my heart's content — I love you!

The thing I have to tell you — 'member?
— is nothing — it gets smaller every day
and my love grows bigger every day — I'm
getting sort of scared for fear I'll burst
when you come — oh, but wouldn't it
be awful if when I see you I don't love
you so much?? Fat chance! And
you? — will you love me more when
you see me? Gosh — I'll murder you if
you don't for I simply love, love, love you — now



Mr. Hugh M. Dingley
Pennsylvania House
Tyrore.
Pennsylvania



and you'd better not tell any-
one you saw Uncle Fred's! I
think I'll enclose a clipping from
Dad, too - it doesn't apply to us
at all, but it lets you see how
Daddy is enjoying all this!

Your letter on the blue paper
was a lovely one, Hugo-mio. Do
you mean you are coming
this very next week-end? Gosh,
I can't think about it for fear
I shall be disappointed. But
you'd better wait for the ring,
for you simply have to put

Jan. 23

Hugo dear, I've just written two
rather difficult letters and it is
a wonderful relief to turn to you.
They were to Dad & to Ma. I am
enclosing Dad's which I had to
answer - I had to make mine
even nicer than his. But Ma is
not wholly reconciled yet,
Hugo, but soon will be, I think.
I don't see how she can
help but be with every one else
so very much with us. I am
also enclosing Uncle Fred's - please
send them both right back to me

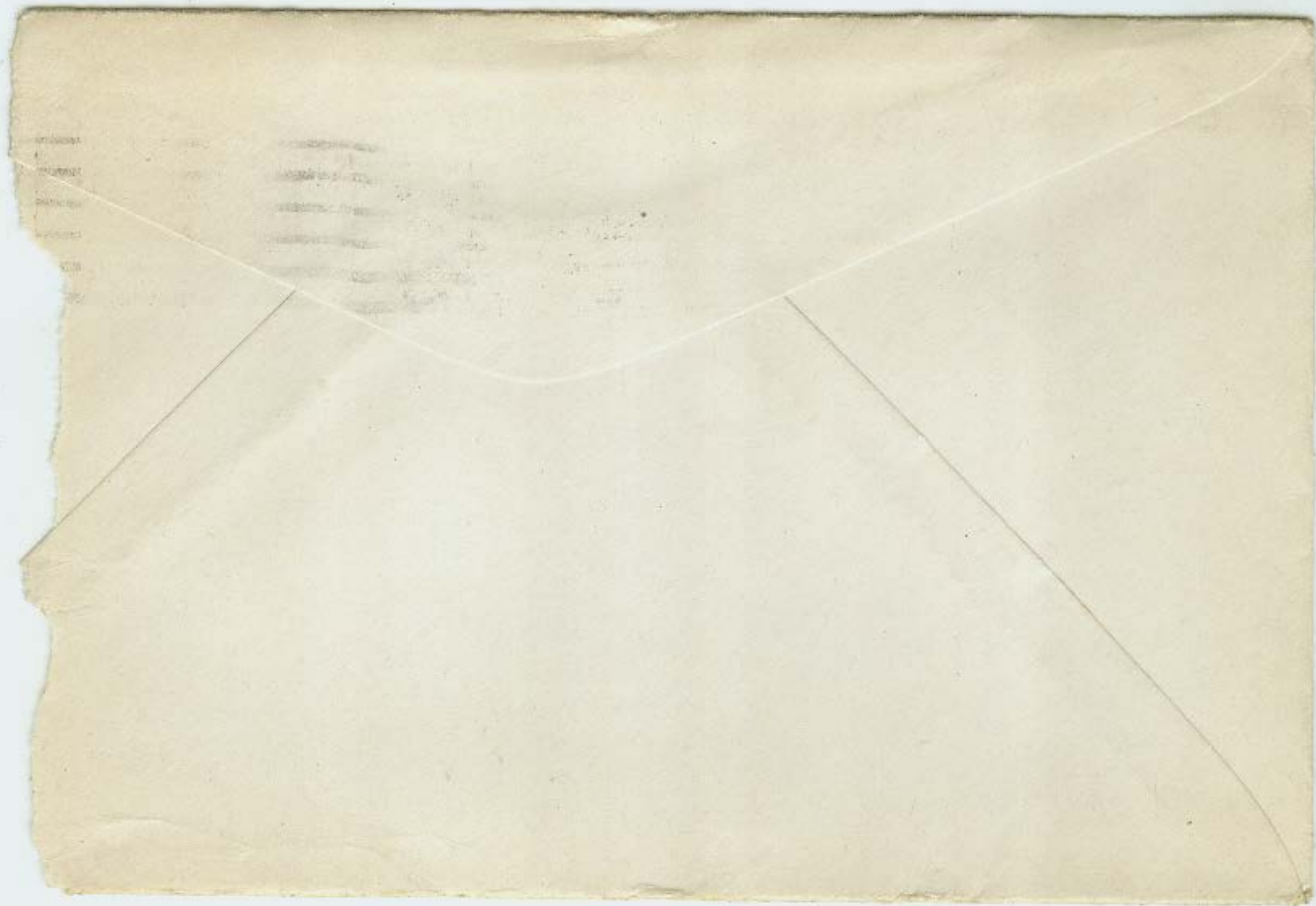
it on my finger - I shall try to get
all the paint off for the occasion! And
sunny my love, we seem to have about
the same reactions, for it was just lately
that it occurred to me that you could
not possibly be really in love with me!
I wonder what it is that gives us those
and den horrible feelings. But, please
Hugh dearest, remember I do love you
"really + truly + hope to die"!

I had luncheon with a class
mate today - the one who is so interested
in you + me - and she took me to see
"In the Next Room" a very thrilling de-
tective play. And then I came home +
cooked my solitary supper with your
photograph to talk to!

I must go out + mail this before
it gets any later - wasn't that ridiculous
about the stamp - I tell you, Kater, I
must be in love! Oh, goosh - if I
don't try to jump out the window +
into Lyorne I shall be lucky, for that
is where my mind - and heart are! I love Hugh,
Nora.



Mr. Hugh M. Dingley
Pennywainia Hall
Tyone
Pennywa



I simply can't catalogue your writing according to my book!

things about the house, etc. I shall soon have to ask the family outright if it is to be gone.

I had lots of fun today in school as I had great success with a portrait of one of the boys and in the after-noon class my teacher admired my drawing, saying it had an idea behind it. I couldn't see the idea myself but trust to his better judgment!

When you come I shall not go to school at all! And what's more you can just plan right

Jan. 24.

Hugo mio querido (?) is going to wash my hair in a minute and will have to interrupt this. I haven't an awful lot of time, as Beau & I are going to the Waldorf to dine with Aunt Fannie & Uncle Fred. I am quite excited about it as I never see any one who knows you these days.

I got a nice letter from your mother this morning with the Sally Harris clipping. She said all kinds of encouraging

Willing home, I planned all kinds of curtains I'll make & furniture I'll paint! All paint!

now to drag me around to buy your suits & every thing! You are not going to get rid of me so easily, Mr. Dingley.

Now, my hair is washed - and I'm munching give back - I always seem to be munching it lately and yet they say I'm getting thin! Do you know - you look thinner in this photograph - what's the matter?

Yesterday Mrs. William Dodge Horne, 175 Park Ave. called on me. I never heard of her - is it one of your cousins? Do let me know for I must call on her - I wasn't here, needless to say - "Bill Horne" sounds familiar.

I had a lot to say, but I must have washed it away with my hair! So I'll finish this sheet telling you I love you! You are quite right about my being away long enough to really know - and I've thrashed it out and - still love you! Once in a while I almost convince myself with my strong arguments against it, but then my love for you always comes out on top!

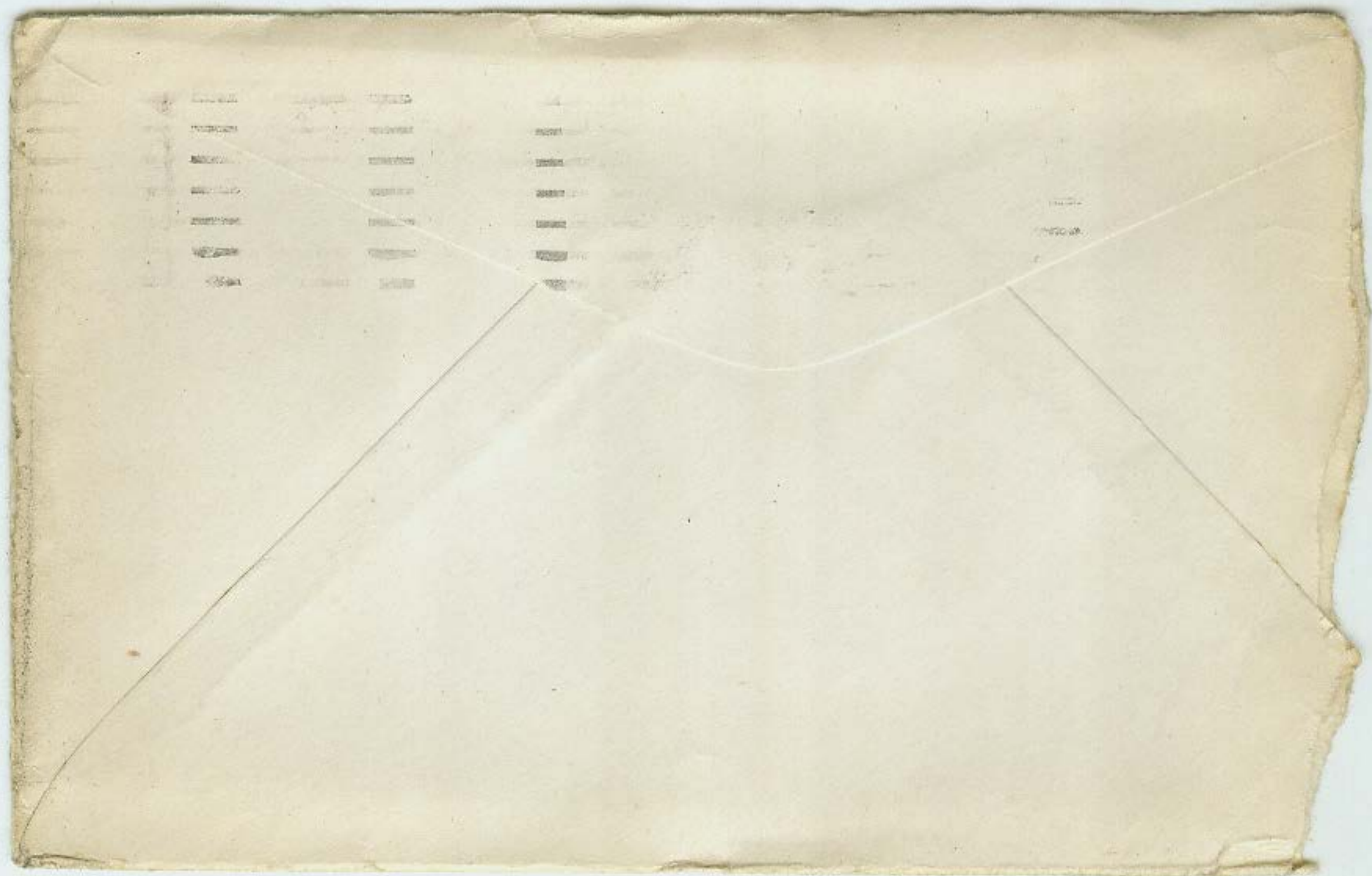
It's quite exciting doing that - Art & a Career versus Hugo - but, you needn't worry Hugo darling. You never told me if you mind being called "Hugo darling," etc - I've always thought it was extremely silly but some how - well, you just are darling, you know. I love you -
your Nora



REGISTER
OR
INSURE
VALUABLE MAIL



Mr. Hugh M. Lingley
Belleville
Pennsylvania



with red cheeks and sparkling brown eyes - in fact, I'm afraid I ruined it - but I liked it better (that word is b-e-t-t-e-r!)

Then I met Aunt Louise and Cousin Albert & Marjory Hay at the Waldorf for lunch and afterward went shopping and Aunt Louise bought a lovely table cover for us! Wasn't that sweet? Then we three "women folks" came up to see my abode and there! - was the box of flowers - lovely sweet peas & a few mignonette - gosh! I was thrilled & so were they! I
(Aunt L. & Cousin M., not the flowers!)

Jan. 25-

Hugo! Hugh! Hute! Sunny!!!
You perfectly darling old good-for-nothing! Don't you know you must not squander your money? But, oh, how pleased I am to have the flowers, & how I love them and how I love you! Hugo dear!

I got your precious letter this morning and as usual was very happy and glad that I said what I said last 25th, and went to school in high spirits - I could not work on the portrait of yesterday very well because the light is dark I tried to make him lighter

joined a few on and Aunt L. & I went down to see Cousin Mamie. Then I rushed back to school to a lecture on *vestibularis*! Had dinner alone at the Ward's with Beau then he & I took a walk & he insisted on coming up here - when I was so anxious to write to you!

Last night Aunt L. took Beau & me to see "Covered Wagon" a splendid movie and when we came out it was snowing hard! But today it is all gone.

I had the funniest dreams - among them one that I'd got the ring and it was a queer white clear stone the size of this one of Beau's - only, Hugo says, it was wonderful because I could look into it and see a moving picture of Bellefonte! Into an idea, n'est-ce pas? And in another dream you wore a big checked shirt like one in the movies last night!

I got a note this morning from Mrs. Horne, whom I asked you about. It was awfully nice and she's coming to see me again - she & Mary Horne Adams. And I got a note from Dad - I can quote it - "The enclosed may interest you - Dad" and the enclosed was your letter

to Ma! I was so pleased for Ma
had written of it saying it was
of no importance, just full of your
love for me so she didn't
think she'd send it. I was rather
hurt for what did she think
would interest me 'cept your love
for me? But I said nothing
and then, Dad crashes thru!
He is a peach, Hugo and I'm
so glad we have such a firm
booster in Miami. for I'm afraid
poor dear Ma is not yet re-
conciled to "losing her baby"
she will be in time, don't worry
especially with dear old Dad

so intensely pleased himself.

But I wish she would hurry -

Hugo darling - oh, really I
just can't tell you tonight - I
feel sort of clumsy at the thought
of you - if only you were here
and I could sort of fit into
the curve of your neck and
just make noises - I am entire-
ly too happy to be content
with mere pen & ink - but I
suppose we must be patient
and then - ! Ah - I want to
scream, I want to sing, I want
to cry, I want to shout, for I - love -
you! Mmmmm - hum - hum - Now.



REGISTERED
OR
INSURED
VALUABLE MAIL



Mr. Hugh M. Dingley
Box 269
Tynone
Punysy wania



found them! I guess I am
losing my mind! Not that it
matters at all if you get shoes
or not! Aw, Hughie, aren't you
going to let me be with you
all the time? - I had planned
such fun and I could look in
shop windows while you were
busy or admire the pretty
colored neck ties in the men's
shops! But - it will be as
you wish, my lord & master!

I went to school to a lecture
this morning and then went

Jan. 26, 1924.

Hugo dear, I've just come from
a delightfully silly movie - Buster
Keaton in "Our Hospitality" and
ful sort of foolish myself - es-
pecially as I just read this morn-
ing's letter and said "I could
have sworn he said he had to
get shoes" - but no mention in
the second reading - then I remem-
bered I was in bed when I got
your letter & must have dozed
off again & dreamt the shoes,
but no, I couldn't have done
that - so I read it again and

then went shopping - only intending to
get some samples Ma wanted, but
some how I got into Woolworths and
that place is my destruction always!
I came out laden - among the bundles
this paper - don't you think it is nice
18 sheets & envelopes for ten cents!!

Then I got on top of a bus & go
way out to 10 2nd street to meet
Beau & Jane at a skating rink - it
was freezing. One man came up too
and sat beside me & asked me if I
liked the cold! I said yes and he said
he had a nice warm fur lined coat & I
said I had a fur coat and he said -
and I said - but then the bus driver
called up that there was a seat below
& he went down! And when I got to the
rink Beau & Jane had gone! I finally
found them at the Allerton (Jane's hotel)
having tea! I joined them and we ate
so much that Jane & I decided to go
to the movies instead of eating dinner!
so now - after the movies - it is still

even decided which one to
accept! One with Skinny, a
Passante *seine* *terrors* too, one
with Aunt Louise in Bronville
and one little ^{P.S. - how'd I get that?} a *maiden* lady
from *Lancaster* at the Colony
Club. The latter is the most
high hat but I think I'll take
the former!

The *arrest* *plus* are casting
a shadow over this paper but
I wouldn't move them for the
world - they are so lovely.

Got another engagement pres-

early. Done a crazy day like
this and New York is the best
place for them - think I'll
wait till a year from June to
marry you! - so that I can
be crazy in New York a little
longer! What say? Will
have to be so awfully con-
ventional in Bellfonte and
eat three proper meals a day!
How terrible!

I have three invitations
pending for tomorrow dinner!
and haven't accepted one yet or

cut today - two darling handkerchiefs from
the wife of the man who started me
on my downward path - oh, excuse
me - I never trod a downward path!

I have a little wigg dancing lady on
my bureau and this is her attitude now



That is your picture tho the like-
ness doesn't do either of us justice
but you can see that she, too
has fallen for you, can't you?

I read a good joke in one of Jane's
"Punch's tonight" "Bridegroom, having over-
slept on the fateful day" I say, dearest,
be sure not to get married until I get
there!" "Be sure to be on time yourself
Kugie (I like that one - pronounced Hewgie)
or I may get married anyway!"

Do you know, my foolish wood is
leaving - due to the wind rattling thru
this sky parlor of mine (my roommate
hasn't returned yet!) and instead I'm
feeling rather tired & lonesome. Ah, funny
if you were only here to cheer me up
good! - and I love you so very much!
Guess I'd better go to bed - after mailing
this, so goodnight, dear boy - Nora.



REGISTER
OR
INSURE
VALUABLE MAIL



Mr. Hugh M. Dingley
Pennywainia House
Tyrone
Pennywainia



do tell you - have you that trouble, too?

I am a very clever girl, Hugo - you remember those three invitations I mentioned yesterday? Well, I worked it so that I accepted them all! I had lunch today with Miss Beall at the Colony Club - she gave me two cute little rhinestone shoe buttons as an engagement present! Then I met Skinny & we went to the Cathedral to hear an Englishman, Rev. Studdert Kennedy - very good - then had supper at her house.

Jan. 27.

Hugo my dearest, no letter from you today and altho disappointed I am rather relieved! - because I forgot to tell you not to send specials as my land lady gets so cross and I hate to have any one get cross in connection with you & me. But it does make Sunday an even longer day than it is. I think I forgot to tell you - you know, this writing so often and thinking of you so constantly makes me awfully confused as to just what I

and she gave me a lovely pink silk
shirt! It's sort of appalling to think that
you'll see me in it some day!! I'll do a
dance in it & you'll think you're at the
Follies! And to continue tomorrow I'll
have lunch & the afternoon with Aunt L.
I'm sort of sorry I arranged that one as
Monday is my pet day at school and
there's a good lecture on - however I think
I shall go to the lecture anyway - as I can
easily spend an afternoon with Aunt L.
after June!

Went to church with Cousin Maudie.
When you come, as a penance for not
letting me sleep with you, you'll have to
go to church with me! So there!

At Skirry's they turned the radio on
but it had no queer voices so it didn't
give much to my feelings! Hurry up &
come over, hugs mis, for I simply must
make noises soon!

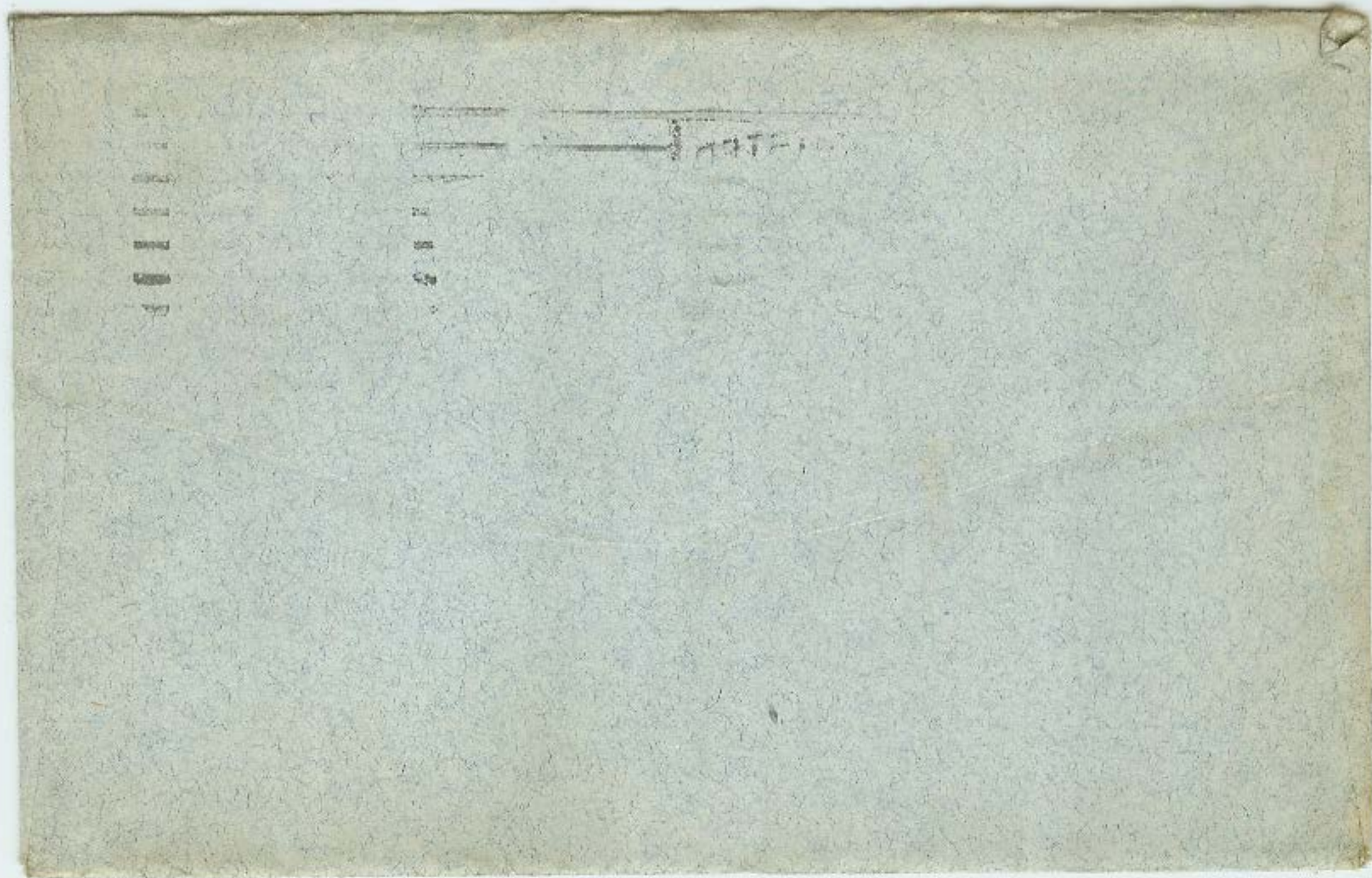
Good-night, dear - I have to try to
write a few letters tonight, so must cut
yours short altho I hate to. Love you
it is like a great wave at sea with its
gentle, firm and wonderful onward roll. Your Nora.



REGISTER
OR
INSURE
VALUABLE MAIL



Mr. Hugh M. Dingley
Pennywanna House
Tyone
Pennywanna



her to go to a lecture, after which
I met Clara Latta up pt + a girl she
is visiting & have dinner. They
had a "date" so I hurried home
to your letter but it wasn't! Hugo
dear, I just nearly die when I
don't hear from you on Monday.
I was just sitting here - sort of
sunk when I heard Catherine's
cough coming up the steps!
Good, I'm glad she is back!

It was great tonight
talking to Latta about you -
she was so thrilled. And it was

Jan. 28.

What a day! - first the glooms be-
cause of no letter from you - then
gradual rising up with a full
day and anticipation of the letter
when I should get home - then glooms
again because there was still no
letter and then joy for Catherine
returned!

I had luncheon with Aunt L.
& Cousin Marjorie. Aunt L. bought
me some more table things and
then left and Cousin M. & I had a
jolly time shopping. I had to leave

nice to hear from her about how
excited Lancaster is. When I talk to
people about you I get so excited I
think I'll explode, and then I come home
and quietly think about you and get
sort of a dull ache - wonder what
I'll do when you come?

Shopping today with Mayorie was
an eye opener! - she had to go in a furni-
ture store & oh, the prices! But, Bugs
darling, I wanted every thing I saw! I've
been building endless houses in my
mind lately - it is such fun - and
think what fun it would be really -
I do hope we build a house!

Catherine is continually talking to
me, so I guess I'd better seem interested
as she just arrived and I am glad.
So good night, sending my love, and
if I don't hear from you tomorrow
I think I'll telephone!! For I love you
so very much & oh, how I want you! None.



REGISTER
OR
INSURE
VALUABLE MAIL



Mrs. Hugh W. Dingley
Perrywainia House
Tyone
Perrywainia



Had a letter from Phil today - nothing much.
Mr. Zuker was quite drunk this morning - ugh! it makes me sick. He calls every one dear - even the old fat ones, and makes the most disgusting remarks.

I was so mad - I went to call on a friend of Cousin Mammie's whom I should have called on ages ago. I kept on going toward the number and the houses got smaller, the streets dirtier and the names crazier until I became nonplused. And then she didn't live there! When I got home I found I went East instead of West! I marketed

Jan. 29.

Bugo m is, you are doing beautifully - two letters today! One when I got up and one when I got home - sort of like saying one's prayers. I liked the last one best - the ones written in B'fts are always sort of queer. I wonder why -

Aunt Maud's name is:
Mrs. William B. Waterman
123 Waterman Street
Providence, R.I.
A very easy address to remember.

So this letter too terribly stupid - I'm nearly dead, - tired!

too - fresh lima beans, & fresh strawberries are among the items on our menu for to night! Wait till you come! I'm at present waiting for Katriuka to come home to start cooking - I'm hungry now.

It's funny - it seems ages since yesterday when I was still having so many engagements. Now with Catherine back, it is so nice and settled. I guess I really am a home-body in spite of never having been home much!

What do you mean by saying I ought to marry some one like Phil? Are you finally realizing what I told you ages ago - that you are too good for me? But, please, Hughie, don't realize it now for I love you too much now to stop.

I'm glad you are having such a gay week - you'd better bring your tuxedo over there - at least, the Judge & Beau wear one (I mean, two.) every night to dinner.

Well, Sunny, I must put the potatoes in the oven - so had better stop this and concentrate on them! All my love - Mom.



REGISTER
OR
INSURE
VALUABLE MAIL



Mr. Hugh M. Lingley

Pennsylvania House

✓ Tyone

Pennsylvania



forward to a second visit before
the first has come off!

I actually found the girl today
whom I tried to call on yesterday
and she was at home & there was
tea so it wasn't so bad. I'm
going to Cousin Marnie's to dinner
in a few minutes - with a clear
conscience at last - on account
of the call.

At school they accuse me of
flirting with one of the men! Can
you imagine any thing as in-
genuous? Mr. Luter said yesterday
if any of the girls brought forth

Jan. 30

Dearest Hugo,
Are there 31 days
in January? Dear me! - and 29 in
February this year - isn't it awful?
It's been hot here today and I've
felt like lead - I seem to get tired
about every other week - but next
week when you come I'll be feeling
fine! Next week - oh, Hugo! only
you are so uncertain, or rather,
the ring is, isn't it? But when
you come there after - there will
be nothing to wait for. Isn't
that like me to be looking

Letter the other day was quite neat, but I think I can beat it, for, aren't I your clever one?
a perfectly good man who'd marry her & give them a thousand dollars! If I thought he ever had it, I'd most certainly take you up to see him! He was talking about the young fellows in his country (center Pa.) said they were all big & husky (I agreed) and they were all rich (!) and there wasn't a ford to be seen, only Pierce arrows & Rolls Royces (!!!). I must add, he was drunk!

Ellis is having quite a time with Bobbie, isn't he? getting up so early to see her must mean business - it did when I was a young girl! And, butie you dear dumbbell, don't you know you'll have to educate me an awful lot? I'm really quite brainless.

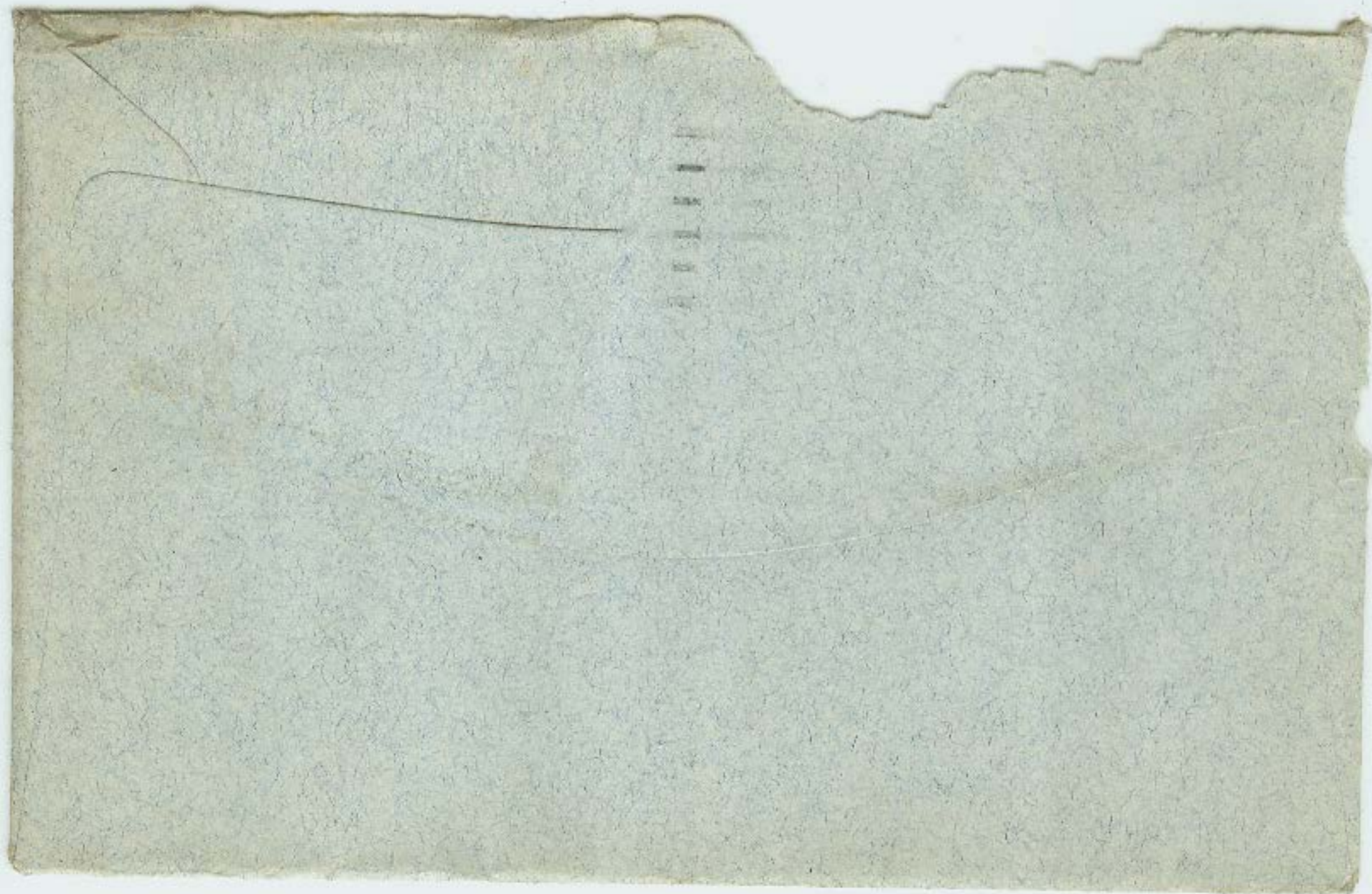
I wonder if you are at Nan's party tonight? I told her you & I would have a party for her next year, won't we? I got quite a nice letter from Ma this morning - she seems to be coming around beautifully but I don't know if it is sincere or just because of the scolding I gave her. Your ending in your

N.Y. STAMP
31 PM
1924

REGISTER
OR
INSURE
VALUABLE MAIL



Mr. Hugh M. Quigley
Pennywania House
Tyone
Pennywania



facts of things already done. And
the plainest of these is - I love you.

Aside from that I remember
dining with Cousin Maudie last
night and promising to go to a
church dinner & meeting for her -
she's too old. So pretty soon Catherine
& I shall venture forth to the dinner
where we know no one! But it
is a free meal, any way and a
free meal means just so much
toward a linen sheet or some-
thing for you & me! No, really,
I have no doubt that we shall

Jan. 31



That's a life-saver, symbolizing
this letter - to keep you alive until
you come to New York!

Well, let me see what was I
going to say - after I wrote "New
York" I got tangled up in the
near future and what would
happen when you do come and
my thoughts flew far to fast
to be put on paper. All my
pen is equal to me - is plain

have a very good time at the dinner, for
the Miss Carr I called on is going to be
with us and she is very clever.

Why didn't you fall in love with
a clever girl, Hugo - you had better
change, for I want you to have the
very best! However, I am planning to read
& study a lot after we are married in
order not to disintegrate - do you like
to be read aloud to - to, not at? If so,
we shall have a truly delightful time.

You might teach me Spanish, too and
I'll teach you - goodness knows what!

What little I know of Art, I guess.

Tonight is your cotillion in Lyons,
isn't it? Jiminy, I'd like to be dancing
a "cotillion" with you, my love - but -
I shall be at a church banquet!

Have you heard about the White
Rock business meeting yet - anything
startling? Oh, Hugie, come here, I want
to talk to you! Devotedly. Nora.



Mr. Hugh M. Luington
Bellevue
Vermont





it doesn't make any difference
to me when you get here ex-
cept that it is as soon as
possible! I won't meet the
train - but if it is Sunday I'll
be going to early church at
eight and will call you up
just afterward. I guess you'll
go straight to the Ward's. Beane
will be there tho I'm not sure
about his being fully dressed.
And you had better bring
your dinner coat - won't one

Feb. 1 -

Hugo! I'm so excited I can
hardly write - to think that you
may be here day after tomorrow
in fact in scarcely more than
twenty-four hours! Hugo!

I didn't get your letter
early today and had to wait
for it until after my lecture
when I got home at seven.
And, gosh! I was thrilled - only
I wouldn't be surprised if
you didn't come! But Hugo

suit and a Tuxedo be enough - that
much will go into a suitcase surely!
Well, I won't pack your suitcase
for you - ever! But do wire me
when you're coming.

There'll be a lot of people at the
wards & dinner Sunday - so we'll go
out and Beau & the Judge are going
out Sunday night. Monday night
Beau has to go to troop but will take
us & another girl to the theatre on Tuesday
night - you can stay longer than
that, can't you? I might go to school
from one till about three on ^{Monday} Tuesday if
there's nothing very important with you.
No, I don't know as I will - well, well
see. I'm just telling you these things
to give you an idea of what you
are coming to.

But what you are coming to,
really, is your little Nora, isn't it?
And, funny dear, you've no idea how
she loves you! Do you know, I'd sort of like to
meet the train - except that I have no alarm clock - but
I will. Let me know exact time & I'll be there - Oh, Hugie!

I'd like to write more but I think I'd better mail this in a hurry - good night!



REGISTER
OR
INSURE
VALUABLE MAIL

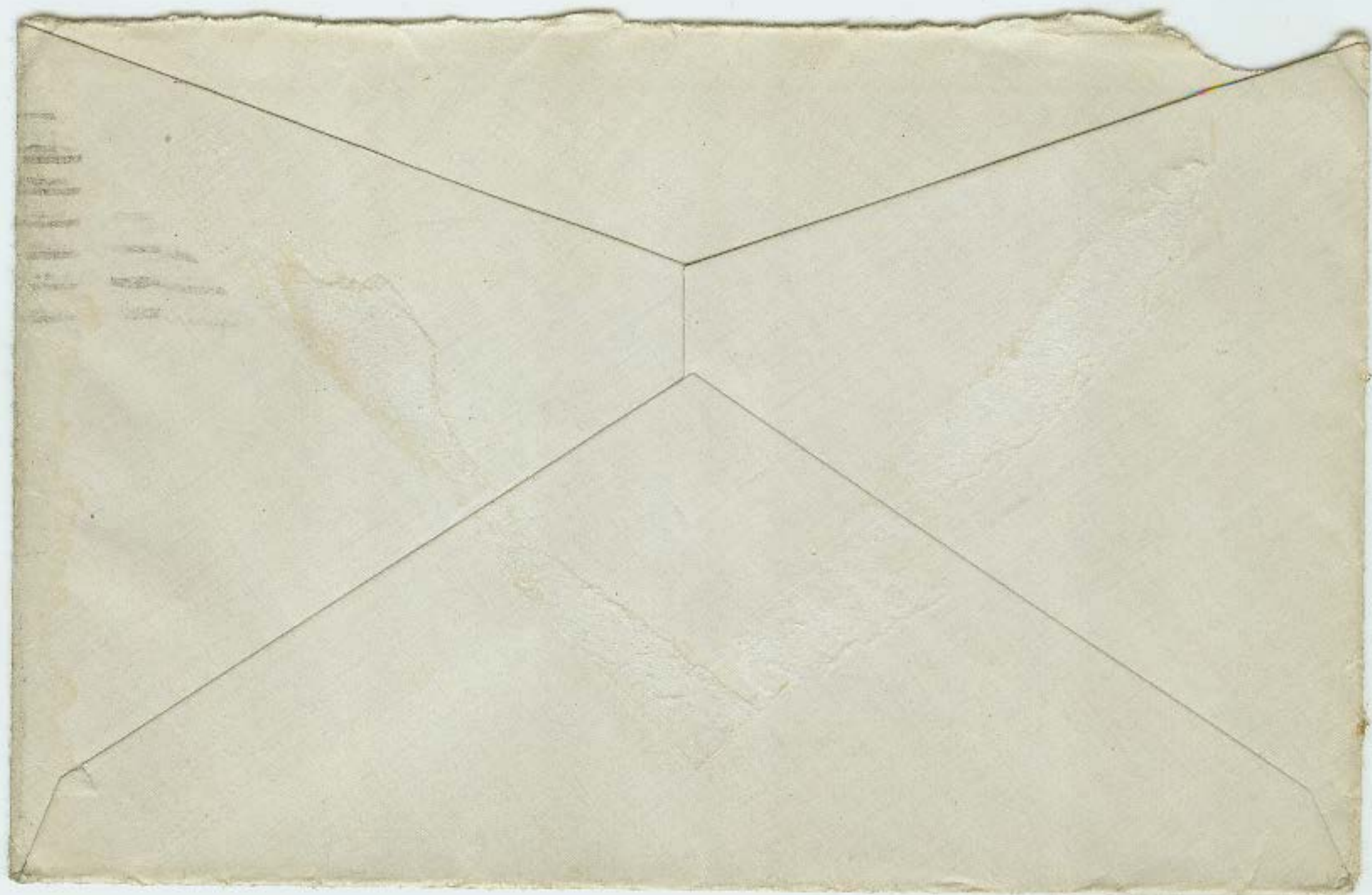


Mr. Hugh M. Lingley

~~Belfonte~~ Tyrone

Pennsylvania

Pennsylvania
Hause }



Got your note early this morning
and went back to bed & slept
peacefully. At present I am im-
agining you & Phil in Philip's-
burg and if you dare write
that again you didn't do what
you intended I'll be mad!

I hope that particular old
girl of yours doesn't still like
you for she must feel so badly.
Oh, dear, I'm sorry every one
can't marry you and yet - very
glad! For, I love you, I love you!
That's the song!

Feb. 2.

Bugo mio, I've been so happy
all day and have been hoping
for the telegram, but it is now
eight so I guess I'd better write -
tho I don't know where to send
it - this visit of yours is most
upsetting and oh, funny dear,
you've no idea how excited I am!
All I am capable of doing is
singing "I love you" and that
off key, they say, for I am
entirely oblivious of it.

But if wisdom I'll close & mail this, hoping that then the telegram will come!
Katrinka and I went to a matinee today -
the "Other Rose" - very good and in it both
the girl & the man discovered very suddenly
by that they loved each other, so it made
me feel quite reassured - tho I didn't
really need any reassurance.

I got an umbrella today from
Mrs. Hartman - it is quite good-looking
& was my sweet of her to send it. Haven't
heard a word from Bubbie - he
certainly is queer. Wonder if I had be-
come engaged to some body else, whether
you would have had nothing more
to do with me, not even to have ex-
tended your best wishes! I hope not!

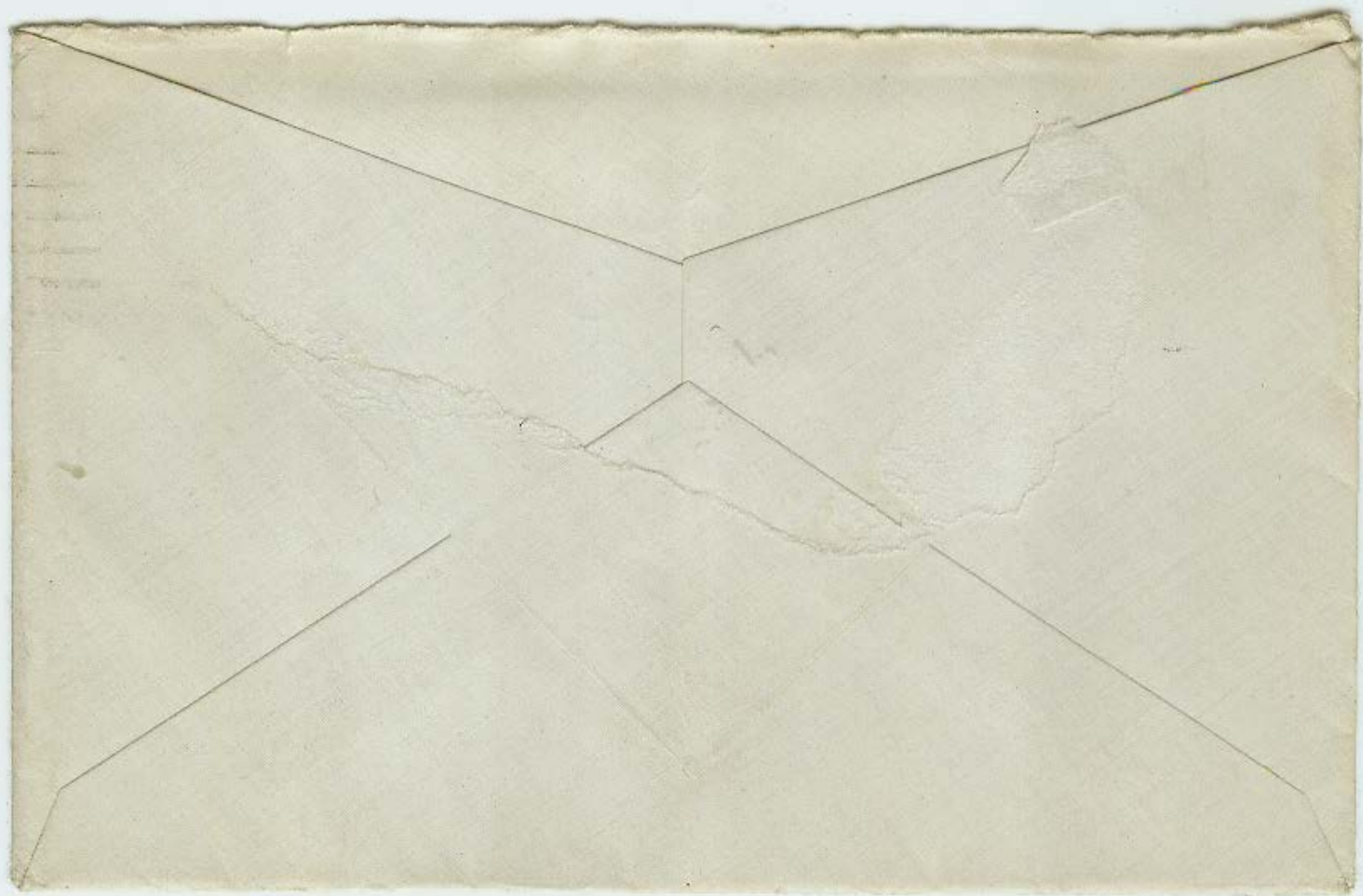
I hope you would have gone after the
other man with a club and made me
marry you anyway! But then! ye
gods! it would be awful if Bubbie
did that!! I've discovered if you start
arguing about any thing connected with
love you get all mixed up - so I've just
stopped arguing and succumbed to the joys
love has for those who are willing. With that



REGISTER
OR
INSURE
VALUABLE MAIL



Mr. Hugh M. Dingley
Pennywanna House
Tyone
Pennywanna



right - did you understand it -
oh, yes, Beau read me your nice,
but not nice, answer tonight - but
mean did you realize it was
because my dear kind thoughtful
landlady simply exploded when
your special came on Sunday!?
And she refuses to sign for any
more! Can you defeat that?

so I wired you, and then a
funny thing happened - this
morning a boy came puffing
all the way up here with a
telegram and before I could open

Feb. 4.

Hugo beloved, I didn't write to
you yesterday! The very first
day I've missed since I left you!
But I didn't know where to send
it and was hoping I might be
able to talk to you about what
ever I had to say. And I think I
sent the Saturday letter to Belle-
fonte - poor you, I guess you
haven't had a letter from your
devoted Nora for a long time!
Has it seemed like a long time?
But I telegraphed you last

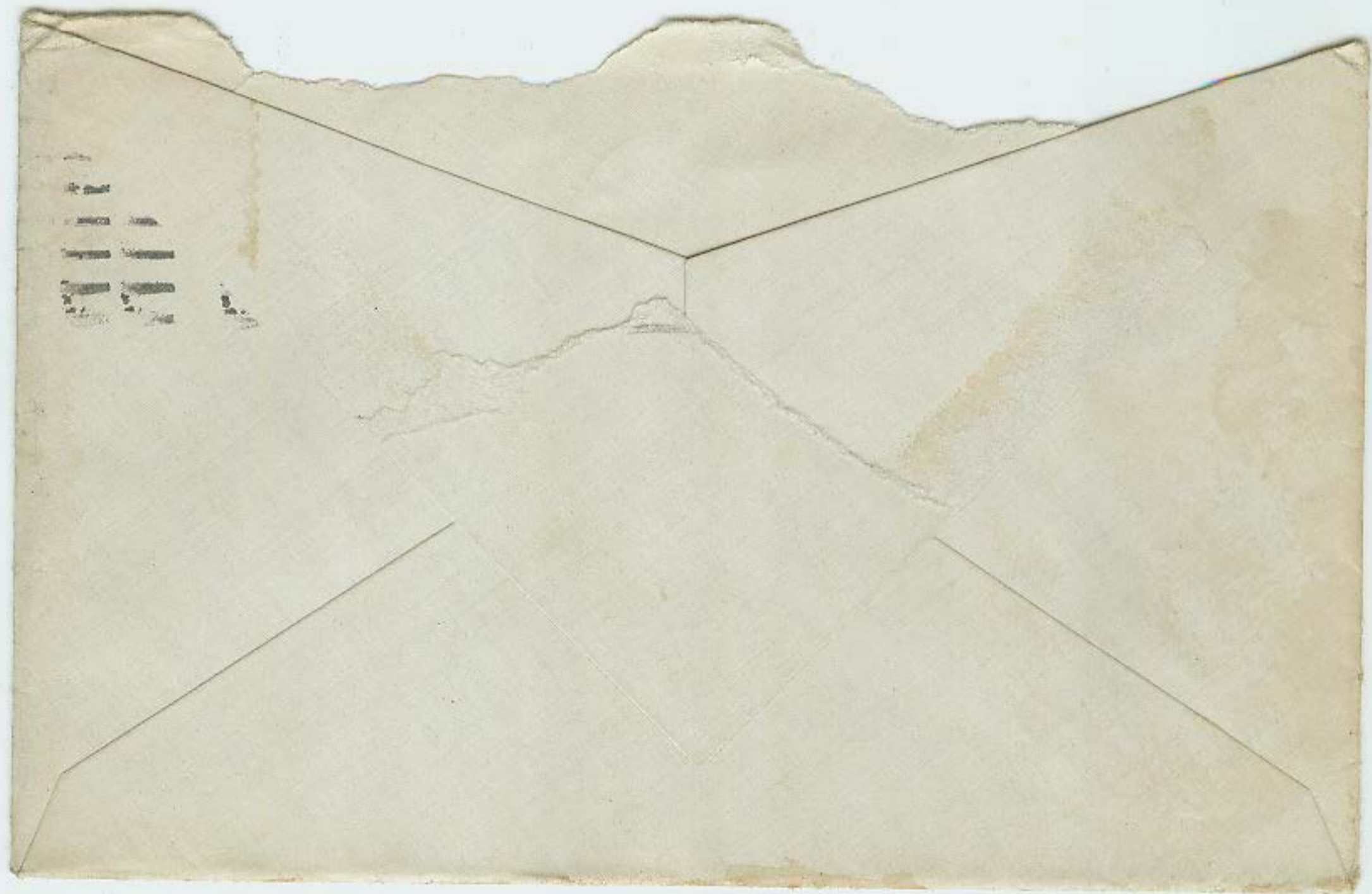
pure immortality - this in love, Hugo dearest, I'm but a mortal and my tired
good night - dear -
it I was planning to meet you on the
three o'clock train - but that isn't the
point - the point is that after all the
now & my trying to remedy it, another
came and all it said was that the
B's office was closed last night so
the message was delivered this morning!
I had to laugh, but I was afraid to go
down stairs for fear she'd elude me -
but I slipped out unnoticed.

So you are not coming until Thursday.
I am very disappointed but suppose as I've
waited this long it won't matter - and I do
hope Thursday is final - am anxious to
get your letter in the morning - none today!

Had a busy day yesterday socially
and worked hard from nine (a little after!)
until six today so am quite weary just
now and think I'll mail this and then
crawl between the sheets. I would like to
scribble a couple more sheets (of paper!)
telling you how I love you and how
anxious I am to see you, but that is a
big job for an active brain and for my
weary one it seems nothing less than



Mr. Hugh M. Dingley
Pennywaria House
Tyrore
Pennywaria



to have me mention it now, but
it's hard to think of anything else
when my tum-my feels like a saw-
mill and - oh, well, you are going
to be my husband some day, aren't you?

I was awfully glad to get your
Sunday letter today - it was a very
nice one and made me happy
if possible! I'm hoping for another
written yesterday in Lyons, later on
in the day. I just live by your
letters - and the thought of seeing
you - gosh, will that day ever
come? Unless there is a blizzard I

Feb. 5 -

Hugie dear - this is funny - it's
after twelve - noon - and I'm writing
to you in bed!! I don't feel very
well and it is cold & windy & raining
outside, so I decided my warm little
bed was the best place for me today.
I wasn't supposed to feel this way
until Thursday and had been a
little worried because you were to
arrive on that day - but now it
is fine - I shall be top-notch by Thurs-
day. I didn't say anything before
and you most likely won't like

certainly intend to meet that early train, so hang around the gate for a few minutes before setting off for the judges.

Wasn't it a shame the initial was wrong - but it was most important for I don't want to be engaged to the wrong person! I'm getting awfully anxious to see that ring - and will appreciate it all the more after this long hard wait. Two days more and then! Oh, Jimmy dear, I love you so much! I always knew I could love some one a great deal some day but in this instance realization has anticipation beaten by a million miles!

I guess I'll get up, dress & go out for some lunch now - tho I hate to - but I don't feel like cooking - damn it all! I'm invited to two tea parties this afternoon, too, but it will have to clear up a lot for me to get to them! I hope Mr. Luke was drunk again, so that I didn't miss anything!

If another letter comes today I may write again! I feel like writing all the time to you but I don't know what I want to say when I get started - I mean, I want you! None.



REGISTER
OR
INSURE
VALUABLE MAIL



Mr. Hugh M. Lingley

Pennsylvania House

Lysone

Pennsylvania

Blue
Print



Beau is coming over - with the telegram - in a few minutes and I'll let him mail this - yesterday I gave the one I wrote in bed to Willy (the artist) to mail when she went out to lunch as I changed my mind I didn't go - I stayed in bed till nearly four - it was great - and then went to the tea parties, tho I didn't answer why, for I didn't enjoy them a bit. your letter didn't come either - you had say, I don't believe you wrote to me on Monday! However I forgive you for I, too, re-

Feb. 6.

Hugo mio, again I'm disappointed when Beau read me your telegram the other night saying you weren't coming till Thursday - of course I thought you'd be here Thursday but your speedy letter this morning made me realize you aren't leaving until Thursday - tell Phil, by the way, that at first I was glad he was going to be near you & see you often but now I don't like it as you cut my letters short & be with him!

alike how hard it is getting to be to write letters! I wonder if you will get this one.

I went to school today and had a great time ramping Tommy - that's what they say & tease me - only it's just that his lots of fun. I hope he won't change when he sees your ring on my finger! Men are so queer.

And I went to another tea party after school and ate so much I couldn't do justice to Katrinka's supper up here. Her sister is coming on Friday, too, so we will have a full house.

I got the nicest letter from Ma to night - wants to know what kind of a wedding I want! - so maybe it will be in June after all! Also said you hadn't sent your picture yet and thought she'd write & ask you for it! So don't send it until she does!

I'm making all kinds of little plans for when you come and am in such a state of perpetual excitement it is quite exhausting. And for the past month I've idealized you so much that I'm terrified that you won't live up to it & I won't love you! awful? how



Mr. Hugh M. Drigley
Penney Wainia House
Tyone.
Penney Wainia



in Bellfonte!!

I wonder if you and the
pretzels and my heart got
home safely - of course my
heart got home safely, because
wherever you are it is safe
at home in your "bosom",
but I'm not quite so sure
about you and very doubtful
indeed about the pretzels!

I was mad after I left
you at the train - I could

April 14 -

Hugie dearest, remembering
your remark about waiting till
the last minute to write to you,
here I am at two P.M. telling
you that I love, love, love you!
This last was just the most
wonderful visit - I loved
you in New York, but I love
you more in Lancaster and
according to the ratio of these
cities, think how I'll love you

have stayed at least four minutes
longer with you, but I suppose if
I had we would only have added
to the number of people we have
amused. But, oh, Hug is dear, I hated
to walk off and leave you there!
Little more than two months and
I won't have to leave you ever.

Miss you most awfully - you
see this time I have no school to
go to, to take it all out in dab-
bling paint. Instead, I go into the
kitchen where you were or go down
the steps and hesitate on the least
one with no brown eyes on a level
with mine - it's awful - and I'm
thinking that Aunt Louise had
better let me know pretty soon
if she is going to New York after
Easter or else not expect to have

spite of the lack of voice
due to her cold. She said
if I ever turned you down (!!)
she was going to propose
to you immediately! And
when I finish this I'm going
to Susie's to hear what she
has to say about you. Oh,
yes, I told Kate about being
a rough-neck! And she
says she created the wrong

me with her for I shall
be in Bellefonte — ever hear
of Bellefonte, Hugo dear? It
is a dear little thing nestling
in the mountains and I'm
going to live there some day
soon with the dearest man
I ever dreamed of!

I went up to see Kitty
Lutz this morning and
she raved about you in

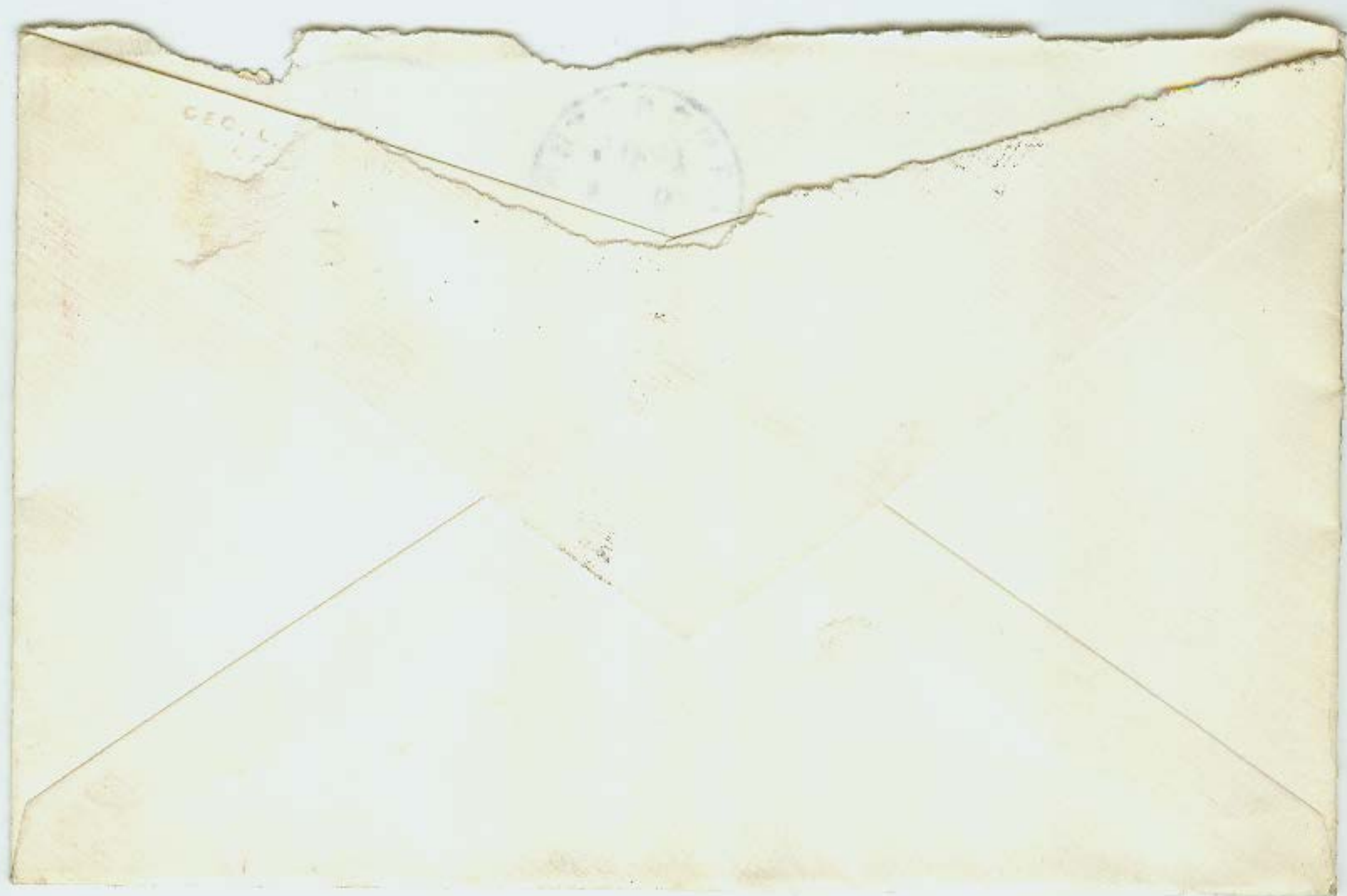
little things - you forgot yours & I was going to send it, but then you would keep it and so I must belatedly say -
impression and is much perturbed by it and is anxious for you to come again and get another impression. I had a letter this morning, to keep me from missing yours!; from Nell. She sent her love to you, saying she has a great admiration for you altho she is afraid of you!

Imagine being afraid of my little Eugenie! Oh, sweetest, I wish you were here - please, Eugie dear, kiss me! Do you know, I'm very stiff and sore today in the muscles of my neck and shoulders! I foresee me with a powerful pair of shoulders before we've been married very long!

Well I must run along, tho I have lots more to say - there were six little roses left this morning which are here on my desk now - dear



Mr. Hugh M. Drigley
Belleville
Pennsylvania



with you - I'd have given
most any thing to have been
there - oh, gook, Hugie dear! I
wonder if it will be ~~a~~ moon-
light on our wedding trip.

I'm sort of sorry you are
leaving Tyrone, too - it is so
closely connected with my
thoughts of you since Christ-
mas that I love it tho I
don't know it. But I'm so
proud of you having a letter

April 15-

Hugie dearest, such wonder-
ful letters as greeted me this
morning when I awoke - it is
small wonder I have been
in the clouds all day, doing
the most idiotic absent-
minded things. I love you!

Hugie, I almost wept
when you mentioned how
nice it would have been
if I'd ridden over the mts.

possible in this house to do, but someday I shall tell you dear, I shall!
job in B'klyn and super in undent words
most impressive. Oh, Hugie, can't
you work in your little laboratory
any more. - that must have been fun.
I hope you said good-bye to
"Marian" for you will "no see" for
a long time" and Herb must be heart-
broken at your departure.
I've got two more presents and
lots more ideas about wedding dresses
etc which wouldn't interest you. I'm
beginning to get excited now when I
think of all the parties and presents,
but when I think of you and me
afterward, dear, I - oh, Hugie, I'm
pursing and turning just as you
are and find time very slow. And I
don't think I shall have any more
opasms for a while. - oh, Hugie darling
I can't say how I feel. I wish I were
in N. Y. so that late at night I could
write to you as I used to, but it's not



Mr. Hugh M. Trigley
Bellfonte
Perryman's



day I should not complain.
They were wonderful but I
want you and want to hear
from you all the time.

I wonder why I don't feel
like crying any more - gosh, girls
are funny things - I like men
much better and am glad I
can marry a man instead of
a woman! Hugie dear, do you
think the time will ever come
when you and I are "man
& wife" - sometimes it seems

April 16.

Hugie dear - no letter this
morning and, oh, how I miss it.
It has said good morning to
me for so long that nothing
seems right today because of the
lack of it. I know it is on
account of your being in Belle-
font - Tyrore had its good
points. I suppose it will
take two days to hear from
you now - damn! But after
those two dear letters yester-

an awfully long way off. It will be
great to have no duties except to
you and those duties to you will be
such fun, Hugo sweeties - now I can
hear you muttering some thing about
my not taking things seriously, but I
can't help it, dear, I think it will be
fun to try to be a good & happy
wife for you. Hugie, Hugie, I love
you most awfully much! Something
unseen must have happened
during this last visit, something
mystical, for, sweeties, I love you
beyond all powers of comprehension.

I must stop - I am always tired
Hugie, and maybe I shall go to see Dr.
Appel - it is early and I would like to
write to you from now on but my
arm aches and my back aches and
I'm just plain tired. It is a dull day,
maybe that's why. But I love you and
I'm your Nora.



Mr. Hugh M. Dwigby
Bellevue to
Perryman



I wrote to Heinie this morning.
I accomplished a lot today by
getting up early and am going
to do so from now on - Only,
sunny, my love, it makes the
days just about twice as
long and I simply can't bear
the time between now & June
to be any longer.

The covers for the twin
beds came today, Mr. Dingley
and I'm actually beginning
to think that we're going to

April 17.

Hugo dear,

I was disappointed
to get such a short note
from you after going all day
yesterday without one but I
know you must have been
very tired in deed, my poor
Kugie. I hope you like the
new job and I'm awfully
anxious to hear about it -
how do you hydrate line?

be married! Hugie, I love you awfully
much now - I am absolutely & com-
pletely won over - art, careers, everything
can go to the winds, all I want is you,
great, big, dear, sweet, perfectly won-
derful you! And if you ever want
anything but me I shall just crumble
for I'm sort of filled with an indrawn
breath at the thought of you. But
that doesn't describe it - how I wish
I could make you know how I feel!

All the girls are at a party this
afternoon which I had to refuse on
account of this being Holy Week and
one on Saturday, too. Yesterday
Bubbie took Susie & me for a ride
and then dropt Susie and he & I took
another ride and talked - it was lots
of fun, sort of talked from a high
pedestal to him below - that's the

ed to try to ramp him again.
Well, I'm sure that would be
quite possible only it would
require kissing and some
how to have him kiss me
doesn't interest me any more.
Isn't that awful, Hugie dear,
to have become so absorbed
in you that I've lost the old
pep! Ooh! sweeties, why
aren't you here this very
minute to kiss & kiss me??

feeling being engaged gives me!
He was very sweet, but shut
up every time I mentioned
you so it wasn't as nice
as I could have had it, for
I love few things better than
to talk about you, dear. But
it is nice for Bubbe & me
still to be good comrades,
don't you think? At first
he was so distant, I think
I told you, that I was tempt

What do you think?! - you must
have made an awfully good im-
pression upon Kitty, for I think
she is going to give me a dozen
beautiful bath towels! It's a tre-
mendous gift as you will learn
someday when these wear out! And
I told her you called her a rough-
neck! She pretended to be mad and
said to ask you how you'd like to
be called a "sis"!

Well, I'm, old man, (how d'you
like that name?) I must get to work
again here - missing nappies after this
short bliss of chatting with you.
Gosh, I'll miss you all day after we
are married - can't I get a job in
the hydrating plant? - oh, dear, poor,
poor Art! I'd entirely forgot him!
Give my love ver'ly to everyone
but really keep it all for your dear self.



Mr. Hugh M. Zwigley
Belleville
Pennsylvania

Geo. L. Fox Derbyshire,
Lancaster, Pa.

on Easter - so "Happy Easter,
Hugie dear!" I was going to
send a card to your mother
but it's such a nasty cold
damp day I don't think I'll
go out - you tell her I wish
her a happy Easter, Hugo.

Last night in church I
got all thrilled over an idea.
Let's get married when I come
to Bellefonte! No, no, you're
not thinking the way I mean.
I mean to get married by Mr.
Maynard secretly with maybe

April 18 -

Hugie dear, the mail was
very late and made me think
because of Good Friday it was
not coming at all, so when your
dear letter finally came I was
so happy! It just did come -
it's only ten o'clock - a most
unromantic time to write but
I'm going to church for the
three hours and after that
dear knows what will happen.
I guess you will get this

poor long suffering Minnie as witness and then get married here again in state to please every one. Of course, we would only be married in name but we would have that nice little quiet ceremony which would seem so much more beautiful + sincere than the one later when we're all dolled up and everyone is watching. Big weddings are so much like a show to me, but it's very hard to draw the line for a small one, either a big one or an elopement, I think, so, Augie dear, let's have both and never tell anyone except Minnie or Fatty or whoever shall be witnesses. And I'd like to be married by Mr. Maynard. Oh, Augie, please, I think it would be beautiful. I guess you think it would be nonsense and maybe it would so I'll do just as you say.

Brrr. this room is as cold as ice - it is a drear day but I like a drear good Friday - I wish I were in N. Y. to go to the 3 hour service at Father Mc Lure's church - or, no, I wish I were in Mr. Maynard's church! That's where I'd like to be & if you were there, too, it would be heaven. Someday I shall live in Heaven. Your Nora.



Mr. Hugh M. Lingley
Bellevue to
Penney Lania

GEO. L. CONNOR WITH
LAWYER

But, oh, Hugie, she doesn't know
how I love the flowers you
send for each dear little bloom
means you love me + I love you
and that's all I care about
these days.

I sent you an Easter card
today - I hope you get it to-
morrow and I believe maybe
you will like it.

I'm awfully pretty right
now - I was looking in the
glass opposite! I washed

April 19 -

Hugie, you great big dearest!
you sent me just the loveliest
flowers today - did you know
that or do you do it subcon-
sciously now? They are beauti-
ful, daffodils, snapdragons,
daisies, mimosa and hyacinths.
And the front room looks
like spring + Easter + every
thing nice. Ma is enjoying
them too - more than I, she
says, because I'm never home!

my hair today and cooked lamb chops
for supper which made my cheeks
red - I wish you were here to admire me.

Beau is here - I've been washing
all day - market this morning & slud-
ing off your "card" and this afternoon
I caddied for Phil & Bubbie - just
the three of us and we had lots of fun.
And now I'm going out to my cousins
to dye Easter eggs.

The chances are that eight
weeks from today at this time Mr. & Mrs.
H. M. Dingley will be on their way to
Harrisburg! Oh, Hugo darling - you & me.
But I can't believe that it was only
last Saturday that you were here - oh,
what a vile thing is time.

I'm quite thrilled at the thought
of the Shad house! - but then, you
know, Hugie, I get thrilled at the
thought of any house with you,
so do as you think best & don't
bother about me. for I love you.



Mr. Hugh M. Dingley
Belleville
Pennsylvania



yours as soon as possible, old dear.
I think the date is set for the 21st
unless some thing radical happens
in the next two weeks.

I am quietly puffing a cigarette
right now - Lent is over for
another year!

This was a nasty Easter day
climatically speaking. We all
went to church & Kitty crowded
in with us. Susie & Phil actually
were there, too, altho Phil is a Pres-
byterian. I wore the new dress
which Bean so sweetly brought
from N. Y. for me in time. It
is a Trouserian dress, Hugie dear,

Easter Day -

Hugie my love, how are you?
I feel as if I hadn't heard from
you for ages in spite of the beau-
tiful flowers shining in the next
room.

I took Beau around to the train,
not with quite the heartache as
I took with you last week - only
last Sunday! And then I got to
work on my list again until
Mrs. Minner came in and made
that work even more impossible.
Isn't it an awful job making
that wedding list - send me

I am waiting anxiously to hear your view of the secret marriage!

but I simply have to wear some things
now or go naked! And Beau bought
me some sweet peas which I wore as
I hated to cut the stems of the lovely ones
you sent. But I gave him one of your
daisies for his button hole and gazed
at it all thru church. This afternoon
Dad tried on his cutaway & was pleased
to find it still fit - then Beau & I took a
walk and he talked to me in his funny
way about the virtues of married life.

I read them from my diary the doing
of last Easter and it said "Hug & sent me
a lovely bunch of violets" and Ma said,
"Why, I didn't know he was doing that
kind of thing last year!" Ah, there is a
bit she doesn't know, isn't there, dear?

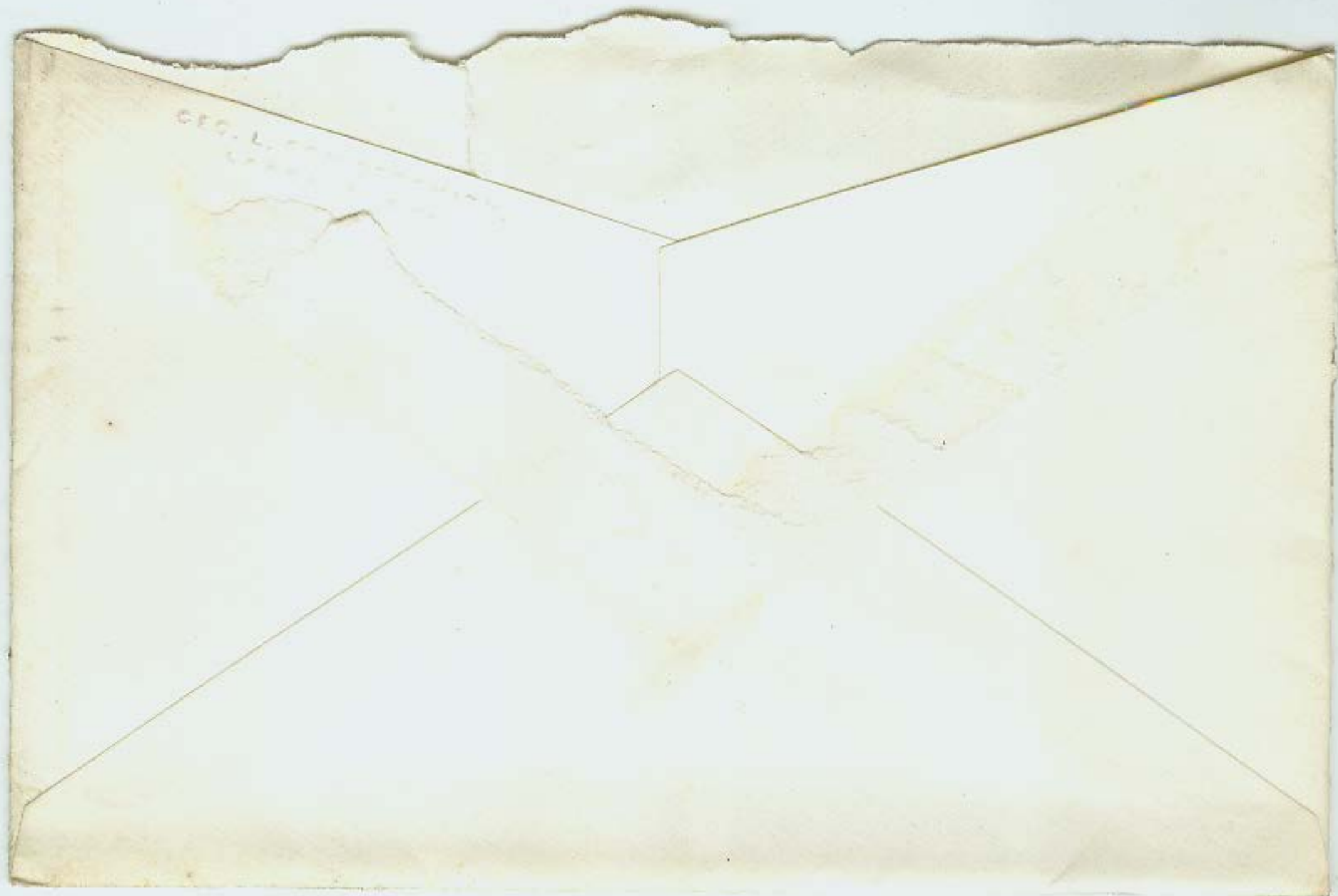
It's nine o'clock - last week - oh, but
what's the use of going over the dear
past - the present is sad & lonely without
you but, oh, the future is my way. It
won't be so long now, sunny dearest,
and then - you and I will begin to live
Hugo, I love you! I love you - oh, don't
you know I love you! And you love
me!! And I am very happy dear, because
I am your dearest.



Mr. Hugh M. Quigley

Belleville

Pennsylvania



to see the postmark. I was a bit
puzzled at being interrupted but
when he handed the envelope
back it was another letter!

Dear Daddy and his little jokes!

I'm afraid my nice little
plan of being married twice is
foiled - do you have to have
the license in the newspaper?
I didn't know that. I knew of
some people who did work
the trick but they were mar-
ried first in N. Y. where a
little thing like a secret wedding

April 21

May 21

June 21!!

Hugie dearest, three letters
from you today! And such
darling ones! One early this
morning and when I came in at
supper time Dad said "what'll
you give me if I give you a
present" - I said "a kiss" and
he handed me a letter from
you - written Saturday. I retreated
to my room to read it and
soon he called me back wanting

goes unobserved. And I wanted it to be Mr. Maynard, who isn't in N. Y.

And tonight, Augie, I told the family seriously that I don't like these showy weddings and we discussed it. But I also don't like the so-called small ones - with only family - they are pathetic to me and quite sad. So, as long as it would really break Mother's heart (and maybe your Mother's, too) to have us run off all by ourselves I suppose we'll have to go ahead with the eight brides' attendants. Of course there will be lots of people there thinking only of how we look or don't look and others who think it's a great spree but I dare say you and I will be unconscious of them, thinking only what a solemn and wonderful event is taking place. A lot of people would be disappointed if we didn't have it and Ma says we never had a coming-out party or anything of the

find out what I wanted for
a wedding present or if I
would rather have a check
for \$50 - isn't he a dear?
But I'd rather have a present,
wouldn't you - a check lacks
the sentiment and would
most likely disappear into
pitcher, utensils or something
equally necessary!

I'm glad you liked the
pictures - yes, the big one
was copied - very good, I think

What is your idea of a small wedding?

kind and this is about my
last chance! At least, it's ^{her}
last chance. So, Eugie dear,
we shall have to hear up
under the strain and it will
be nice to look back upon
when we are gray haired!
Only - I do wish we'd eloped
in December! No, I don't either
that would have been mean
and sort of cowardly and
no presents! Mercenary me!
Judge Ward told Beau to

I'll enclose the rest of the ones we
took but they're not so good - you
may pick out the ones you think you
really must have and send the
rest back. You can get one from
the two of us together for your watch
as the one of me is so funny-looking.
Dad is going to take me in my
costume for you.

This morning Ma & I went to
the dress makers and ordered six
dresses - more coming! so it begins
to look serious, Hugie dear.

Every one is at a dance here
tonight - I don't know the hostess
from Litley - and you are at one too
poor little me, humming napkins -
but lucky little me thinking with
every stitch that you love me and
I love you and soon we are going
to be married and live happily ever
after! Ooh! I love you! Me.



Mr. Hugh M. Dwight
Belmont
Pennsylvania

GEO. L. TON, GERRITSON,
GANGNEUNG

28 OCT
1911

I didn't hear from you today!
However, I haven't got the
B'te mails into my head yet.

Hugie dear, I think I shall
come to see you on the second
or third of May - how would
that suit you? Will you
have to work that Sunday?

The family haven't said I
might but I just think I
will - it would be much
more convenient for me
next week-end but Ma is

April 22.

Hugo, old man, no letter
from you today after the
three yesterday - does my
writing look queer? my fingers
are stiff from hemming!
I've been here all day, sewing,
sewing - but Ma does that
every day so it's up to me to
try it occasionally.

How was your dance
last night - oh! that's why

Just my bit I dreamt about your Mother & Minnie - and you & me. It was nice.

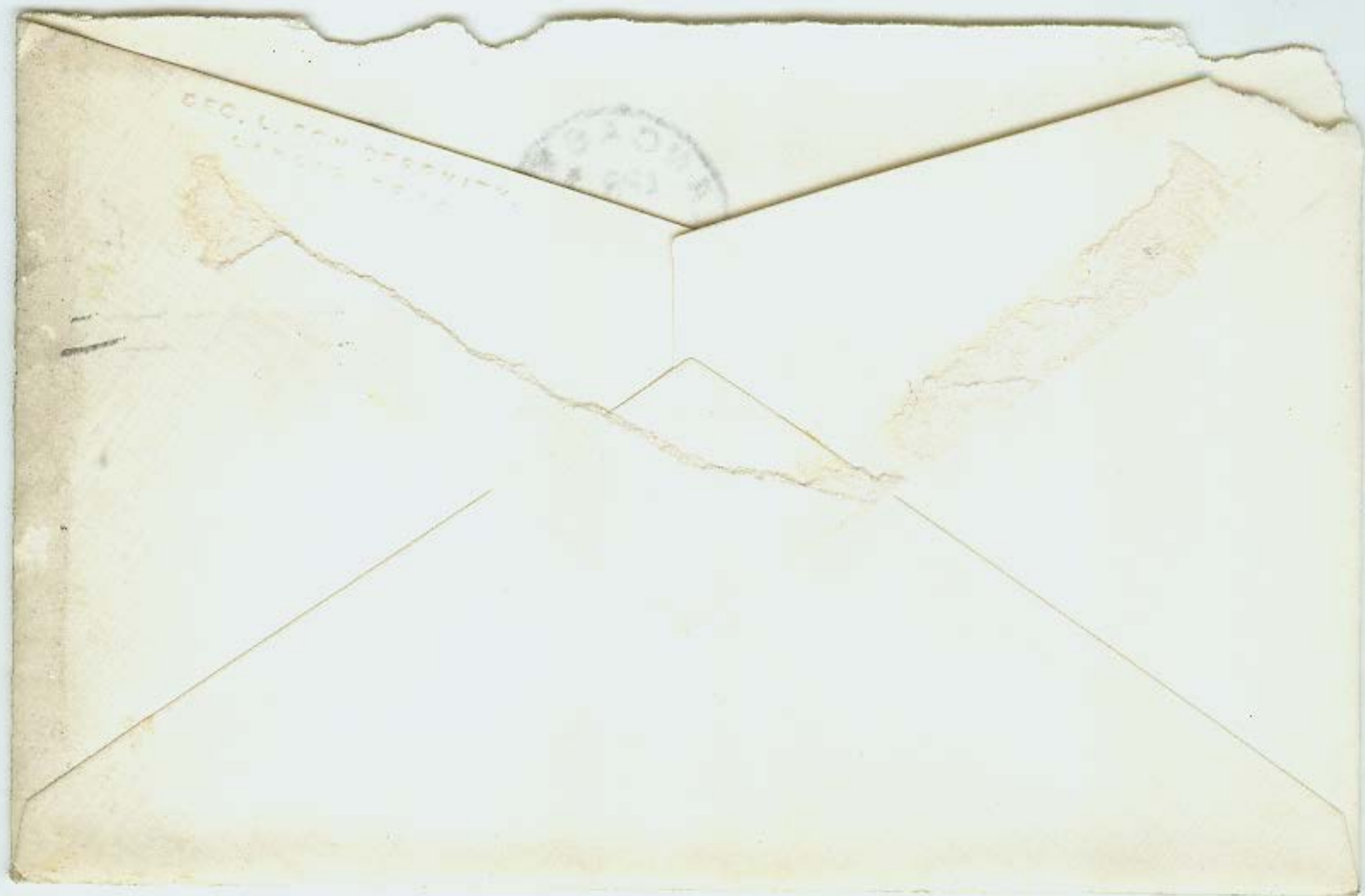
is having a party on Monday afternoon
& wants me here. If you have to
work on Sunday I might come in
the middle of the week

Yes, Uncle Fred was right about
the ring, I used to not wear it ac-
casionally to get added thrill when
I did wear it, but since the time he
noticed it so quickly I have worn
it steadily. I guess I'll take it off
again - that big one of Beau's goes
so well with one of my dresses.

I'm afraid, Sweeties, this is a
stupid letter - I feel stupid having
sewed so much - but while I sew
my only consolation is the nice
string of funny little every day
stories I make up about you & me.
You and I are going to be very
happy some day, I'm sure -
Well, bye-bye for now - Your Me.



Mr. Hugh M. Ingley
Bellfonte
Perryman



REC'D BY THE
LIBRARY OF THE
MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY
NEW YORK



happened! I've lost my pep
entirely - for there's a perfectly
good dance tonight and I'm
not going - simply don't
feel like it! And that's all
your fault, my love, for if
you were here to go with
me I just couldn't get
dressed fast enough!

The main trouble is, I think
that I want to a bridge-
luncheon today and they are
the devil's invention, especially

April 23

Hugo dearest, no letter again
today! Have you forgot your
little Nocest? I almost believe
you have, after getting one letter
at three leaving Bfts at six-
thirty - it can't be the mails
so it must be you, Hugie!
And I feel very desolate -
oh, yes, I know you love me,
but I do like to hear from
you! And the worst has

on such a marvelous day as this
has been out of doors. I don't believe
I could even have painted wholehearted-
ly indoors today.

Oh, Hugie dearest, I love you, I
love the country and I just can't
wait until we are married and
living happily together in the moun-
tains! Gosh, it will be gorgeous!
you + me + the mountains! Will
we take walks, sunny dear, and
just be over flowing with joy and
come home dead tired and just
snuggle up? Oh! I hope so! And
will we - oh, so many things and
it will all be so wonderful
because you and I are together!

Gosh, I love you, as I never dreamed
it was possible to love any
human being! - a dog, perhaps,
but not a man with faults
and ideas of his own - and that's

trying to find us a love
nest in which to coo?

Of course, you know, I'd
love to live for a while
with your family - and
you! - but I won't feel
really married until you
and I have our own little
dwelling - but I'll be
patient - oh, so patient,
after June twenty-first!
"We're married in June

the astonishing part - for
if I can find any faults
in you I love them and
your ideas fit mine
beautifully! - or if they
don't - mine fit yours,
so what's the difference
anyway?

How about the job,
Hugie - is it to your
liking? And a house,
Hugie - are you still

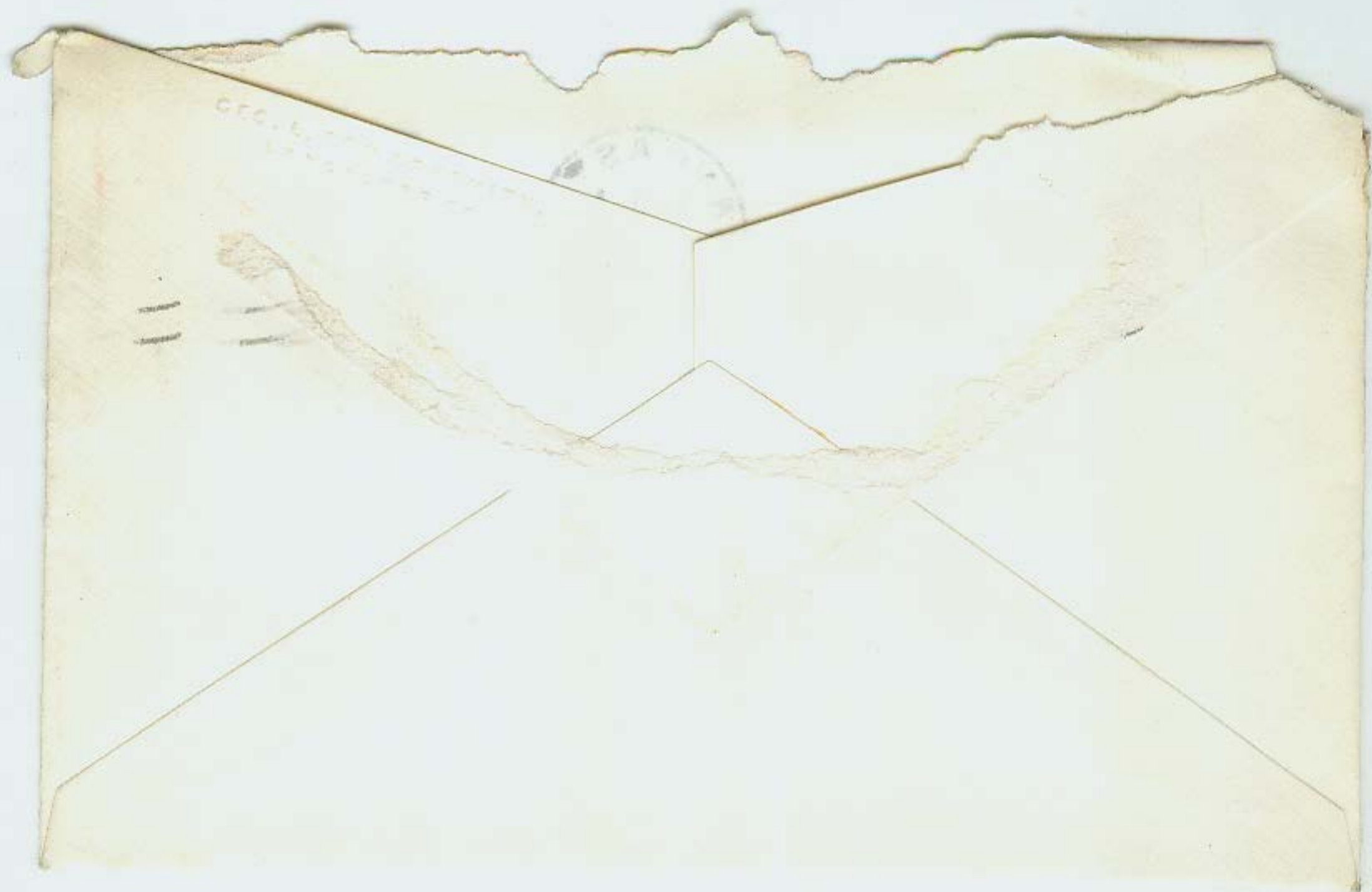
if I'm able to support you by then"
- "No, no ifs - will be married in
June" - Aren't you glad we decided
on that - let's never have any ifs
Hugo, let's just do or die.

Everyone is appalled - even Ma,
at my lack of hysteria because
June is approaching and so little
is prepared - but every thing will
turn all right - it always does
if not to expected, something
equally pleasant will come forth,
so why the nervous breakdowns
first?

Wish you were here this
minute - we could take a balloon
ride on my soaring spirits - I'd
like to paint a picture of the impos-
sibility of locking a person with
imagination into four drab walls!
This letter is never ending, so *! I love you!



Mr. Hugh M. Ziegler
Belleville
Pennsylvania



Strange to say, I haven't breathed a word about Phil being ^{an} usher ^{from} you calling! I'm glad Steve Wyell is going to be an usher, I like him even tho I don't know him. And it's Phil M. Long, 444 W. Duke St., but please don't let my suggestion influence you - for a Lancaster usher I'd rather have Public for I like him better but I just thought Phil would be nice on account of Susie.

Yes, cover a lot of ground

I can't see why you like that big picture of me so much!

April 24-

Dearest Eugie, I'm all dressed up waiting for Susie & Phil to come & take me to a wedding and may have to stop any minute altho they are always late. It is a Presbyterian wedding so it won't help me much but will be interesting never theless.

At last I've got a letter

who were the "entries" to Williamsport?

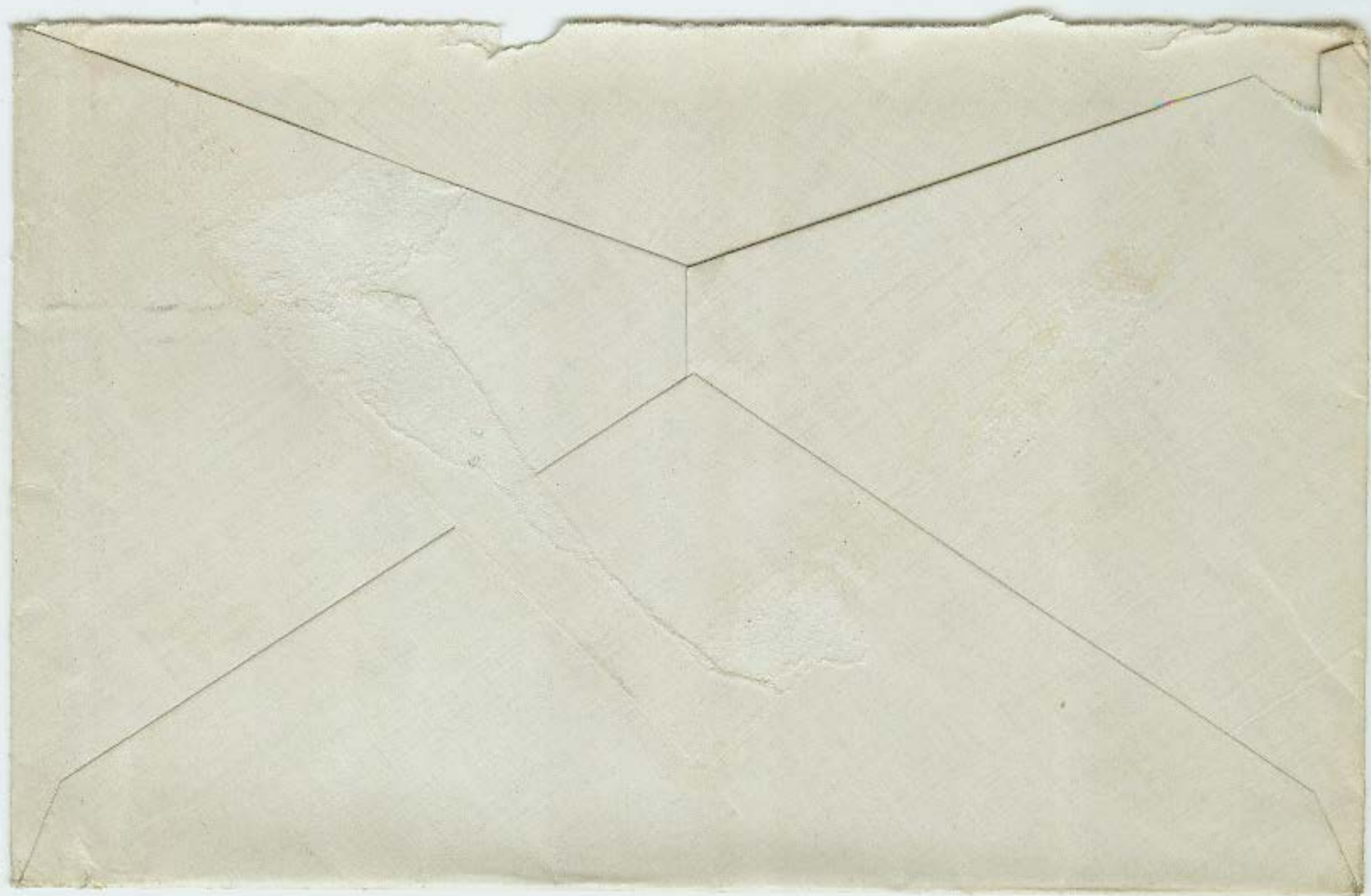
with the invitations - there are no announcements after ward, but lots invited to the wedding and a choice few to the reception - just very good friends - see? We are inviting every one to the wedding who ever invited us to any thing and then some - old friends of the family, but at the reception will be only those we'd really enjoy having. It's an awful job! Dad is buying on 400 wedding ones and I on 800! But I don't imagine the reception will exceed 100 - and that's just a guess.

I stole those Rodaks from Dad but I guess I can replace them and get you another.

Well, I'd better stop - they're half an hour late now! Maybe I'd get home early enough I'll write again and tell you how I love you! Always, your Mom.



Mr. Hugh M. Dingley
Bellevue
Pennsylvania



Right after lunch I went to Susie's
and Bubbie came & took us to
the C. Club to golf - only I had
died! And I went to Susie's to
dinner and by the time I got
home I was too tired to write.
So there, Mr. Dingley! I hope you
don't write when you are too
tired, either, dear, for what's the
use - the other just blames
it on the mails, any how!

The wedding the other night
was fine, only Susie & I nearly
collapsed when they started here

April 26.

Augie dear, your letter this
morning was a scream, I
laughed aloud in spite of the
family being in a bad humor.
I could just picture poor tired
you and my flighty letter!
I suppose I should try to write
to fit your moods at noon
but that requires more of an
artist than I! All I can do
is write my own mood. I
didn't write at all yesterday!

comes the Bride" - what will we do at
our own?

I got a wire from Heine this morning
& she is going to spend the night
with me - I can't imagine why, but
I'm very much pleased and excited - it's
almost as good as having you come!
And I'll spend all night asking her
questions, I'm sure.

The family are in a terrible mood
lately and don't want me to come to
Bt's at all - until June 21st! I really
weep whenever I think of it - oh, Hugo
sweetest, I must come - I just must.
They say if there was some good ex-
cuse it would be all right - oh, dear,
what sadder excuse than because we
want to see each other! Don't be dis-
couraged, tho, I am not - I want to
come and, by jove, I will come!

It is a beautiful day again
and I'm going out for a walk
with Lottie, so bye-bye, my love -
oh, gosh, Hugo, I love you! Yours Me.



Mr. Hugh M. Quigley
Bellevue to
Pennywauia



on Sunday for the 8:01 and I'll
get home at 10:18. — I put that
plan before the family and they
were silent — so I have hope
of consent.

It was great having Heinie
here — next best to you as I
said, because she loves you
almost as much as I do — per-
haps! We took a walk all
last evening & talked & talked
— about you, my love, and
how I enjoyed it!
She said you wouldn't

suppose you will have to be there all the time — so
I guess it wouldn't help me much. I hope you can read
all this! I love you!
I got your special just after Heinie arrived.
Love, me! April 27.
Hugie, dear old soul,
How I
wish you were here on this
beautiful day! But next
Sunday — oh, Hugo, I think
I'll be with you! Heinie & I
looked up the trains — 6:05
from here — you meet me in
Lewis town at 8:44 P.M. of
course, next Friday — wouldn't
that be fine? And then you
will take me to Lewis town

and your love to me but I didn't care,
for you see, I knew I had it already!
And so I wouldn't send mine back, for
I don't believe in presenting people with
their own possessions, either.

I showed him all my precious
belongings, your gifts and what I've got
so far for the trousseau. It was great
to have a new one to spring them on!
We slept together and this morning
she left after we took a little walk.
I couldn't go to church. Thank goodness
for it is too heavenly out of doors.
Public went to N. Y. on the same train
tho they hadn't met (that sounds queer
but you know) He's going to be inoculated
for hay fever.

We found Aunt Gertrude & Mary Horn at
the station again this morning - they wanted
me to go to Mannheim with them, but I'm being
very attentive to Ma so I can leave next
week-end! She & I were just talking birth
control & some how I had to tell her that you
& I talked thusly & she was amazed at first but
thinks it is not a bad idea. She really is a dear.

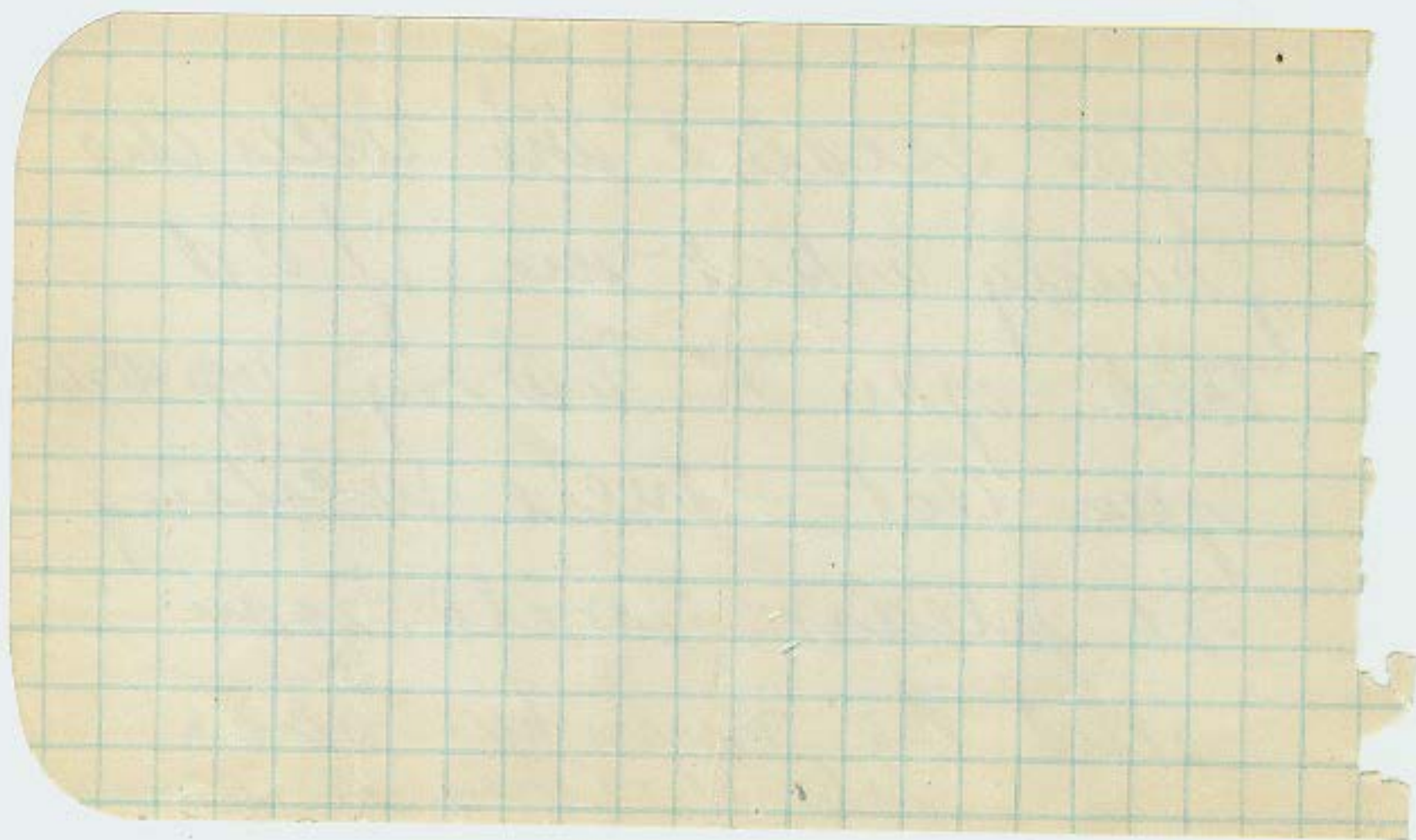
I think Ma & I are going to that Adel plus on Tuesday. Are you going to be a



Mr. Hugh M. Dingley
Beltyou to
Perryman

GEO. W. F. SMITH
LAKESIDE, CALIF.

After I sealed this letter the
family asked me if I'd
told you to hurry up with
your test - we're waiting
so please, will you
send the number soon.
Lots of love - Nora



I told Ma you wrote of your
mother as "Ma" and she said
to tell you that is her name!
I had to laugh to my self for
when I first used to call
her that she got mad -
mothers are as funny as the
rest of us! I love you!

We had a tea party this
after noon and Kate came +
helped me to make all the
food - it was a success and
all the "old ladies" said I

April 28

Hugo dear, I think a house
next to the Sheffers would
be lovely, I'm ashamed to say!
Ashamed, because every plan
you've mentioned for our
future "love-nest" I have
said would be lovely - but
that only shows how easy
I am to please. And I won't
say "love-nest" again, Hugie,
but I bet it will be. (There,
isn't that enigmatical?)

will make a splendid housekeeper!
Aren't you glad to know that, now
you've taken on this terrible respon-
sibility of me! I love you!

Aunt Louise saw Ma at the
train yesterday and now my plans
are all upset again for me! They
want me to go up with her next
week but I've shown them that I
like not the idea and want to go
on Friday - you could meet me
couldn't you? Well, we will see
what happens. And I am coming
up, you know that. I love you!

How I wish I could paint a picture
that would sell for a lot of money.
I am good-for-nothing. I had a
great disappointment on leaving
N. Y. because I did so want to do
something about painting magazine

but I have cherished hopes
of the future. If what every
one says is true, I shall
be too busy keeping house
& raising babies but, oh,
Hugie, I feel sure I will
have time to spare! Don't
you think so. "Where there's
a will" has always been

to me the truest of proverbs.
Finally, today, I have
finished my list - except for

corners but I did nothing -
I lack an awful lot of
something. But I am hoping
Hugie dear, that some time
when we are settled I shall
have enough time to try
my darndest to earn a
little money artistically!

In N. Y. I was always
working and hadn't my own
studio and here I do nothing
but get ready for "Holy Matrimony"

those that will come straggling
into our memories. I have 320
up to date: You know you don't
have to send me the names for
several weeks—just the numbers.

Less than seven weeks, do you
realize! and I have so much to
do and can't seem to get started.
The Brides maids want to order
their clothes and I can't even think
what colors I want! But I'm
going to Philadelphia tomorrow
and then a lot ought to be
settled. But I shall be glad when
I'm Mrs. Hugbie with two weeks
ahead in which my only worry
will be that all the world is
not as happy as you & I!
Oh Hugie sweetest, if we are not
just the happiest couple I shall
— well, I shall shoot you! Love,
— me!



Mr. Hugh M. Drigley
Bellefonte
Pennsylvania

REG. L. FOR DEPSMITH,
LIVERPOOL.

RECEIVED

1847

- isn't that ridiculous? but
after losing a couple pairs
on the street because they were
too worn out to stay put
Ma insisted.

My goodness? all that on
bloomers and you most
likely don't know what they are.

We didn't go to Phila. be-
cause Ma was sick. She
stayed in bed and I had a
great time making Dad's break-
fast, etc and playing nurse.

April 29-

Hugo my love, I've just been
mending the sewing machine
at sixty miles an hour - you
ought to see me go! Ma
thinks it's awful, but she
can't deny I accomplish things!
I made two pairs of bloomers
in an hour - not beautiful
bloomers for my trousseau
like Ma makes but plain
ones to wear until June 21st

Isn't it the same day last week that we each didn't write? Dad! I enjoyed it because so rarely does Ma allow any thing to be done for her. But tomorrow we are going to Phila - all three of us - I wish we knew your number on the list so we could order the "invites" - but I guess there's time.

I didn't get a letter from you today and I leave before the mail tomorrow so I won't hear that you still love me until tomorrow night. You do still love me, don't you, sweetest? I love you, still more every day and am beginning to get excited about the wedding. "Here comes the bride!" oh, Hugo dear and there you will be waiting for me at the end of that long aisle! Gosh, Hugo! And from then on out - you and I - Mr + Mrs. H. M. Dingley!! Oh - boy! Good night! Shortest.



Mr. Hugh M. Dingley
Belmont
Punsey wania

GEO. L. FOM DER SMITH.
LANCASTER, PA.

if your idea of being engaged
is merely having ~~a~~ good
time you'd better find some
one who doesn't want to be
married but merely engaged
for years and years. I am
not pleased with you - I can-
not get over the surprise at
your attitude - the Hugo I love
is patient, thoughtful and
forebearing.

Oh, yes, I realize that you
are very tired from your work

May first.

I am going to scold you, dear
Hugo - after waiting sixty hours
for a letter from you, getting it
at eleven after coming home from
a tiresome day in Phila., to read
such a short complaining one
was just too much and then
this morning's was not a bit
better. If you think it is over
a hard trip getting ready for
a wedding you had better
not get married - so then! Also

and that list is a bore and can excuse
you a little bit, but please, dear, re-
member that I too made out a list
and that I have to spend all my time
sewing, trying on clothes and planning
clothes for eight other girls which isn't
easy with eight different tastes.

And about my coming to see
you - I am very bit as anxious to see
you as you are to see me and I
have the family to battle with -
with the time so short and expenses
so great it is not surprising that
they don't want me to go away.

Can't you see their point? If you
can't I am afraid, Hugo's dear, that I
can't marry you. For there is just one
thing I can not abide in married
life and that is the everlasting wrangle
between the in-laws. There is no
reason for it in this case for my
Ma & Dad are the dearest in the
world and would cut off their right

that I love you most dearly
but today it doesn't seem
as if things were going to
be so perfect as I had at
ways imagined life with my
husband would be. I want
sympathy awfully much,
sweeties, and today when I cried
Daddy came in and hugged me
but Mother didn't understand.
Daddy is always there at the
right moment and I fondly
thought you would be the

right hands to please me.
And they like you immensely
and it distresses me greatly
to have you, even half in jest,
say any thing against them.
I love your family and did
so hope that you could love
mine.

Oh, Hughie, every thing sort
of smashed this morning. You
disappointed me and then
nothing seemed to matter.
It isn't a 'opas-in' for there
is no doubt in my mind

same, but today I am not sure.

It is foolish of me to write this way for I know the reason - worse
one and not here - but it is a failing
of mine to believe myself absolutely
right, when in the dumps or in the clouds.
I asked you not long ago if you
really love me enough to understand
my savings and marry me with them,
but you answered by demanding of
me whether I loved you for once &
for all. I do love you - you know it,
but you only know your own heart
and, please, tell me frankly for we
don't want to marry unless we are
really fitted for each other. Please!
You will get this tomorrow at
noon and will know a little later
whether I am coming or not. If I
come you can tell me while driving
me home and please, oh, please, don't
let my presence and the mountain's
influence you. But if I don't come

write and tell me every thing
tomorrow night and mail
it that same evening.

And only one thing
will prevent me from
coming - the worse. If it
comes tomorrow I'd better
not take the trip and have
the excitement of going to
Bellfonte, but will wait
till the next week-end. I
have no idea whether
it will come or not, but am

praying that it won't. If
you don't hear from me again
I won't be there. I'll wire you
tomorrow afternoon if I can
come. Oh, Hugie dear, I hope so!

We'll discuss the other
wedding when I see you. Don't
send the list - I have no gifts
people on mine - nor Mabel
Shaffer, etc, so you can judge.

Mum & I bought out Phila.
yesterday! And I got two lovely
evening dresses - wait till you
see them! Well, I must go to lunch
so bye-bye for now. Yours Me.



Mr. Hugh M. Dugley
Belmont
Pennsylvania

GEO. L. FOM DER SMITH,
BARCASTER, PA.



see you - but, oh, there you
were, waving in that nice
broad way you have and how
I wanted to be with you! But
the next time! - oh, Hugie! the
next time!

Gracious, I almost forgot
the news! We have four
presents already!!!! The invitations
were received this morning
and I've had the queerest
feeling all day - so important!
and tonight when I came home
from shopping with Annie

5 North Lince St.
June 2.

Hugie dear, this was started to
be a thank-you note to some-
body else - hence the address
in the corner! But I'll make
it into a thank-you note to
you for the wonderful week-
end - it was wonderful, every
minute of it, wasn't it, sweetest.

Last night when we waited
so long for the train to go out
I was afraid it wouldn't be
worth it - that we wouldn't

there was a lovely blue pottery bowl from
Phil - not what he first intended but
a beauty. And two glass things with
gold edges that we don't know how
to name from a Mrs. Brinton and her
son - they (the glass things!) look like two



different sizes and one is deeper
with a glass spoon in it - a
salad set I think. And Dr. & Mrs. Appel
& Ling gave us a dozen lovely dinner
plates - with roses painted on and
Lucy and Nell gave us a big round
silver (sheffield) platter - a chop
plate - susie's soup - but it will be
useful for most every thing. You
must describe all these to your
mother - she will be interested. It
is so exciting! I had no idea - ex-
cept for susie's - that they would
begin to come so soon! And our
tiny apartment to put them in!

Phil tried to impress it upon

the man willing he was to
do any thing for you - as been
that in mind - tho I can't
imagine what it would be.

Kitty just phoned and
was flabbergasted when I
told her of the presents so
she's coming right down!
I hope she doesn't stay long
for I must admit I am
tired - yes, I've been! As soon
as you left I just collapsed
and haven't recovered yet.

I had an awful thought - I
may not get the cure again
for ten months! Huggie, do
ask Dr. Dale soon for it
just wouldn't do - would it.

I love you more than ever
before & to goodness! I love
you now even when I think
of you as tired and grumpy!
And you must be tired
tonight after your trip over
the main tains - oh, how I
wish I were there! - and these
three weeks how I dread
them! But - Give your little Nora.



Mr. Hugh M. Quigley
Bellefonte
Pennsylvania

377
GEO. L. CON DE SMITH,
LANCASTER, PA.

God goodness! I forgot this side - I am
sick! I'm glad I have more room for I
wanted to remark on the coincidence of
each of our letters yesterday saying we
really do love each other and that it
was a wonderful visit, the best yet.

I still think so - it must have been as
you say - the sunshine after the storm,
furry - so maybe it won't be such a
calamity if sometime in the distant
future we have another little tiff - but
in the near future, trip - and it will be
perfect. Hugie, darling, I am most impatient
for June 21st, for I love you madly. Most.

June 3.

Hugie dearest, that was a
marvelous letter this morning -
just the kind I adore - and
I've been worried for fear mine
of yesterday wasn't so nice -
I have been feeling so sick, you
see - we have about decided
it is the novo-cain he put
in my tooth and I've been
to him again today so that
now it is throbbing and throbb-
ing. But it is bound to get

well soon and you love me so every
thing is all right.

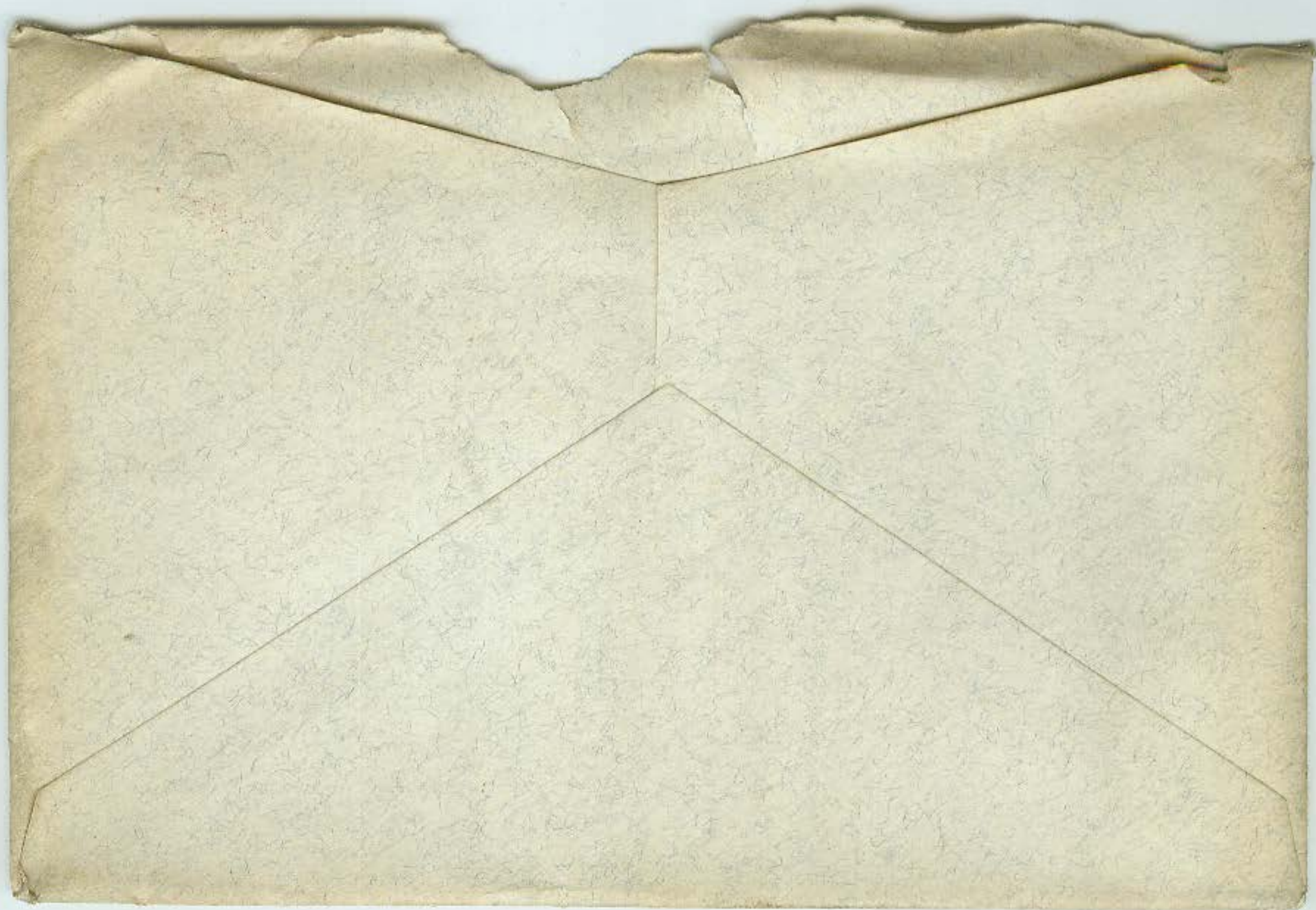
No more wedding presents today
tho it's only two o'clock. Ma can't think
what she told you to do - if any thing.
And please ask your Ma if there is a
woman in B'le who could embroider
nice initials for me. Don't forget.

I had an "experience" today sort of
like yours in the Bellevue - I got on
a street car with a five dollar bill &
the conductor said I'd have to ride to
the square till he could change it - I
was mad 'cause I was to meet Ma
before we got to the square & I was
very late. After riding a couple blocks I
went back to argue with him and dis-
covered that a college boy who'd got
on with me had paid my fare!!
But the boy had got off!

I'll send off those names and any
more you think of - To had me
doubled up so many. Well - forgive this
stupid letter - I won't have a ^{both} pulled one
again! Yours me.



Mr. Hugh M. Lingley
Beltfonte
Pennsylvania



for you and me with them!
They were from a family here
who used to keep my dog "Billie"
when we went away.

And the other present was
two very good-looking scones
you know - candle sticks that
hang up on the wall. They are
brass and hold five candles
and really are beauties - and
who, do you think, sent them?
Margaret + Stewart Coryell!
I have already thanked them
each with a little note. I

June 4th

Hugie dear - No letter from you
today - too - too - and I was not
going to write to you for I have
so much to do but two more
presents came today and it is
all getting so exciting that I
simply must write to you.
One present was a dear little
carving knife + fork - smaller I
think than the silver ones I have
at Aunt Louise's - and they look
very useful - I can just see
you carving dear little stakes

am going to try to thank everybody just
as soon as they come so they won't ac-
cumulate for the wedding trip.

And "regrets" & "accepts" have been coming
so fast — One you sent to Rudloff or some-
thing in Montclair was regretted today from
Boston! — less than three days. But none
of yours have accepted yet. The Sheffers
in Tyrone regretted and Henry Keller & some-
body Warriner and the John Blanchards &
Miss Mary Blanchard. You don't want
me to tell you who regrets each day, do
you — it would be pretty hard later on.

I was up most of the night soaping
my bath hole but it is better today — or
else the excitement is making me forget —
it is awfully exciting and I wish you
were here — every time the door bell rings
I wish — only I do wish — there would be
a letter from you — I guess it'll come to-
morrow. I feel sort of lost without it.
It seems a long time since you were here
but really it won't be so long until I'm ^{legally} _{your} home



Mr. Hugh M. Luigley
Bellfonte
Perrywauia

1234
GEO. E. CON DEBENHURST
LONDON

And as for the third floor she
can put as many coats of
paper up there as she wants.
I leave it all to her — nice of
me, isn't it. who knows so much
about keeping house, etc. Really
your Ma is just too lovely.

And tell Scotty to let you see
the present & then send it
down here — I must see it soon.

And as for Ellis he can do as
he likes altho I think it would
be nicer to get us something
before the wedding.

I can't read this over as Ma is right behind me & might
accidentally glance!

June 5-

Hugie dear! Two letters from
you and ten more presents!
What a day! And how I
wish you were here — it makes
me so mad to have you so
far away.

Before I forget let me answer
your questions — Tell your Ma
I'd be delighted to have the
bathroom painted — then we
can splash all we want!

Lucie is coming in a minute to see the presents and is bringing poor Phil along. She said they had a most delightful letter from you. Oh, dear, Kate is here now but I'll try to entertain her & write to you too - some times I'm afraid I'll not be able to write - for instance tonight I have ten notes to write and they really haven't begun to come yet! But I'd rather write to you, you know.

I'm feeling better this I have rose cold now - Ma kept cooing to throw your roses away but wouldn't until the last precious one had faded.

Those dam invitations came yesterday, without the reception cards so we are still delayed.

Henry Keller sent six dear little salt & peppers, you know the kind and Jack Lodding, a silver peanut spoon. And then Kansas people sent two glass candlesticks, a blue glass bowl, a green glass vase, a silver candy dish & spoon, six darling green plates from Skinney, a little silver hot water jug and a silver hat

and a glass with silver top no-
tasses jug from Judge & Mrs.
Keller. Isn't that wonderful?

I'm awfully mad - Ma &
Kitty are sitting here talking
and how can I write? I'd
like to comment on all
you write about - Bud's
wedding, etc - but how
the mischief, can I?

Dad & I went down town
& hang out your wedding
present - gosh, it was fun!

But I wonder if you'll
like it!

Well, Augie dear, I must
stop nally - I love you
just so des - is that better
than "madly"? But I love

you just every way pos-
sible that is nice - I love,
love, love you! Augie
dearest Sweeties - and only
two weeks and two days
more! It's actually approaching
always - your Nora.



Mr. Hugh M. Dingley
Belleville
Pennsylvania

CED. L. CON. DET. MITH.

yesterday the bowl from the
Murray Andrews. And a pewter
pitcher for water - very good-
looking and an unusual black
glass bowl and Mrs. Powers on
the floor below gave me a Tong
and iron cigarette box in spite
of what the family may say.

There is a terrific thunder
storm going on and the lights
went out while I was writing
"may say" - They're on now, but
light is beating the windows.
I'm glad this is not June 21st!

June 20th.

Hugie dear, I missed your letter
today, but I hope you had a
nice time at the dance. I stopped
at the Appels once today to rest
coming from the dress makers,
but no one was there 'cept Mrs.
A. & she gave me your letter
to read & said the nicest things
about you. It was a nice letter.

Four more presents today -
a lovely green glass bowl
which matches the vase we got

Nan Beebe sent me a nightie which she made and I tried it on for Ma & Susie and really they were shocked! I look as if I'd been in the "Follies Bergere" or whatever it is, only I haven't got the figure! I don't think I'll take it on our wedding trip!

I have lost four pounds lately and Ma is worried and every one says I look so tired! I think it is interesting and like it for I don't feel nearly so badly as I did last week - not one-thousandth in fact! I was miserable, before you came. It is just my tooth-hole now.

I saw a funeral today as I walked past a cemetery and it started me thinking how it would be if you died now or in a year or so! It was very unpleasant, Augie dearest - I almost wept. In fact, I can't bear to think of it just as I write it, for if you died I would want to die, too. I love you, dear, more each minute and have sort of become a part of you, I guess. And in two weeks! Oh, Augie, isn't it too wonderful? Yours me.



Mr. Hugh M. Dingley

Belleville

Pennway Inn



the reception cards came today so that's settled!
tell you about the nice cigarette
box, didn't I? - well, today we
got a black wooden sort of
magazine tray and a lovely pair
of tooled leather book ends from
Jane Boyd & her brother and Mrs.
Weimer gave us a lovely round
tray of glass with lace in between
it and a gilt edge - very good-
looking. And we got a dear
little old table with a marble
top & a fence around it - tell
your Ma I think it will fit
in the hall. Also, a little brass
lamp with crystal dangles and

June 7 - 14 - 21!

Hugie dear, two weeks from this
minute - nine o'clock - oh, bay-
lets' change the subject else I'll
die of a heart attack.

It was a nice letter from
you today and the news of the
drugstore episode gave me a
funny feeling - I'm glad it's
settled - another time I'll quote
the description from the book
but right now Ma is lying
on my bed, and might be
curious. Last night - oh, I did

ix lovely glasses with green bases - I'm
getting quite a green glass collection - and
six little glass plates. And an old maid
friend of Ma's sent a dear little blue pin-
cushion which won't do you much good!

The answers to the invitations are coming
in rather slowly - the Rays regretted.

I don't know what I've done today
but I seemed to be making most of
the time - the bridesmaids hats are still
giving me trouble and I'm becoming
quite a diplomat with the dress wearing
hat woman and the six girls. I do
hope Helen & Mary will like them.

Please tell Aunt Louise that I'm trying
to write to her but - oh, where is the time?
Kitty & one of her bears just dropt in
and ruined one perfectly good evening.
I may not write tomorrow as I haven't
written the thank yous yet - please
don't feel badly if I don't, for you
know I've you to distraction &
would much prefer to write to you
than "them" - I do hope we have as
perfect a day as today for the 21st. When

are Helen & Mary coming as some one wants to give a female luncheon & wants them.



Mr. Hugh M. Dingley
Bell-fon to
Perryman

GEORGE L. FORD DEPT. 1711
LANCASTER PA.

butter dish and Miss Winifred
Gates (who is she?) a copper
vase and Mr. Albert Rudloff
(who is he?) a cunning hot
milk jug - these are from
yours - today and yesterday
oh, but, Hugie I just can't
tell you them all - there
are fifty three up to date!
It is just appalling and
I've been running around
like mad - dress makers,

Many & Minnie must be here soon. & the women soon
Friday
if not
soon.

June 12th
Hugie dear, I've just written
to Mr. & Mrs. Phillips!! And
fifteen others before that!!
My arm is just about worn
out but, oh, it is so ex-
citing. (I can hardly write
naturally - without being so
polite, that is!) The Phillips
sent us a lovely Benares
bass tray and Martha
whitman a dear little silver

Can't you tell Mr. Shallcross you just must have a longer vacation?
wedding veils and down with the
girls to see their dresses - they look
just sweet.

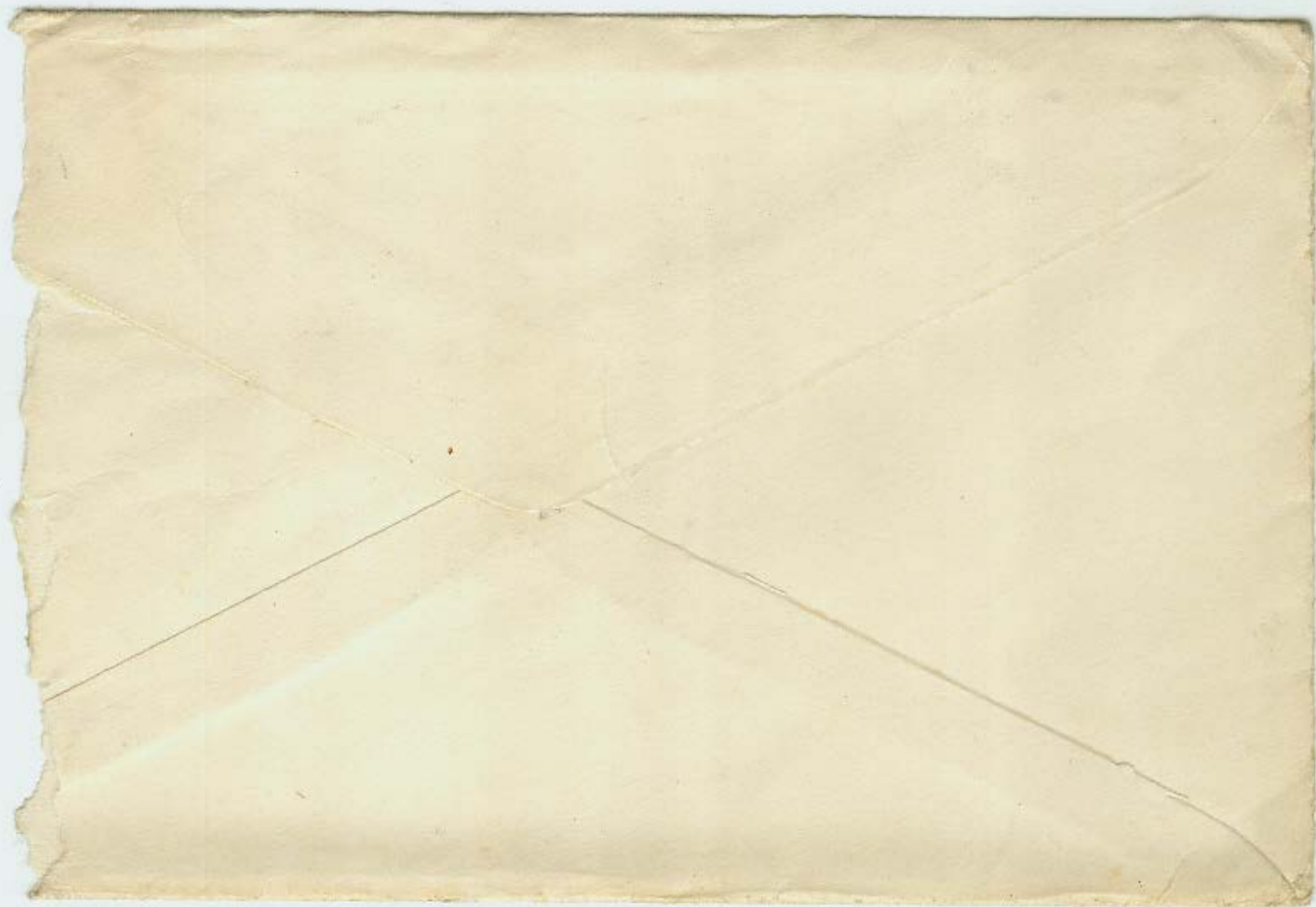
And, Hughie dear, I haven't written
since Saturday - ages ago! But
I just haven't the time - I'm plodding
wireless thoughts all the time -
do you get them? I hope so, dear.

I'm awfully sorry but all the
invitations are gone - all the
envelopes that is - how about
you sending yours to the Warners
& Fred Warner and I'll try to find
some envelopes in town for the rest
of them.

Really, life is so exciting
just now that I don't know how
I'm going to stand it! - and all
because I love you and you love
me! Oh, Hughie! Always, your me.



Mr. H. M. Lingley
Beltsford
Pa.



funny note - I just love
the locket and am
wearing it around my
neck on a chain -
but - you can wear it
half the time on your
watch chain - (though I
think you will look
well with that on your
watch chain) I have a
lovely silver ^{Mrs's gift} basket from
the Loos - two yellow
vases from Mrs Hastings.
a gilt bowl from Mrs
Richards - another vase
from Mabel & Lynn -
a dozen beautiful goblets

Launceston - June 11. 1924

Dear Hughie -

Mother is writing this
for me because my arm
is now out with writing
troubled three thank you
notes - We certainly must
be a very popular young
couple from the presents
that are pouring in -
they began before break-
fast with a lovely locket
of feather work - done in
Dagota from Mr Gibson
who wrote a very nice

from Mr. Mrs. Sheets - Who are they?
A card-port Table from the Folies.
if the Bluffers send one - we
will have one, at each end
of card-port - the rest are
from my friends and you
will see them when you
come - It is lots of fun to
rule to pieces, one does not
know - I had no letter from
you today - but - suppose - it is
the mails. Do see that Mary
and Hentzel get here early
enough - I was tempted to suggest
to the "bosses" to give you a
longer vacation - but tactfully
aid not - I ^{will} ~~should~~ give Miss
Carrie, samples of the dresses
so she can carry out her
color scheme with the floors.
(^{ma inserting again!} Tell your Mother - Hugh, that I enjoyed
her letter and if I have a minutes
breathing space, I will answer it -
and tell her to come down as
soon as she can for I think she
will enjoy the excitement of every
thing.) My arm is strong enough to write
I - love - you! Devotedly, yours me.



Mr. Hugh M. Dingley
Bell-efon to
Perryway Wania



And as for Fred's suggestion
about Lottie's luncheon - I'm
afraid it can't be done. She is
all set for it and it would
break her heart - it is very nice
of her to do it for us and I can't
bear to say a word. I am
sorry, Hugie dear, for I'd like to
please you - but I can't this time.
You won't all so much of us -
at the dances there will be lots
of people and they won't last
so long that you all can't get
up and have your golf - Lottie's

June 12th

Hugie dear, three letters from
you today - do you remember
how excited I used to get in N. Y.
if that happened? But today -
well, they might have been from
my stage manager if I were an
actress!

I've sent invitations to all
six of your list - the Hurlocks
were in that one envelope - each
for I couldn't find two to fit
that way without looking
makes lighter than they were.

Luncheon is at the country club and you can come right in from your game - it is not a cut-away affair, you know. And you can be together at golf or any thing all afternoon too and Saturday until time for the wedding.

It distresses me, Hugie, to leave you so unhappy about this gay wedding and it is too late now to change it. But there is still one thing we can change - our wedding trip. If it is going to worry you about the money why don't we just go to Atlantic City on Saturday & stay till Monday - (I must use the bright batting suit I've just made!) and then go home and have the rest of your vacation settling our house and having golf lessons? I would really enjoy that much more than a trip to Canada if you are going to be worried about finances.

I have been very much upset lately about you - and have talked a lot to Ma and she has stood

feel the same about me. I
love you, only there are times
when I am so disappointed
in you— for instance, you
have known about this big
wedding as long as I have
and yet up to the last
minute you make remarks
about it that make me un-
happy. When I don't think
of you in connection with
it I am so happy— receiving
all these wonderful presents

up for you and put a lot
of sense into my empty head.
I was quite convinced we were
making a mistake and was
just sick about it. And I'll
tell you this— you are not
my ideal but you are as
near to it as I can ~~quite~~ get, I guess. In fact if I
even hoped I could find
that ideal I would not marry
you. But Ma reminded
me that no one is perfect
and that you most likely

and getting so many clothes and
having people giving such nice
parties for me - but, oh, Regie, it
spoil it all if you do not like it, too.

I am sorry to write this letter - I
expect too much, I'm afraid - but
I've been spoiled by my family al-
ways coming up to my greatest ex-
pectations.

I'm returning this card from
Caldwells - I don't know if it is for
Charley's dishes or whose - so you
attend to it, please.

Twenty more presents today -
beauties - tho' a few more green bowls -
it is ridiculous the run on green - green
glasses, green plates and every thing I had
say it's because my name is Irish!

Well, I must write those twenty
notes, so good-night, dear, and for-
give me and love me. A long week
from tonight you will be here and
every thing will be sunny again, sunny.
Ah, I love you - write & tell me you love me. Now



Mr. Hugh M. Zwigley
Bellefonte
Pa.

305 NORTH DUKE STREET
LANCASTER, PENNSYLVANIA

June 15th

Dearest Hugie -

I'm at the Appels waiting for supper - we have all just been swimming in a pool in a park at the edge of town - it was great, except I slid down a slide and bruised my pelvic girdle! I am so thin that the bones stick way out!

Phil just gave me this pen but I don't think it will last long!

I haven't heard from you since the letter you wrote Wednesday and I'm awfully unhappy! Hugie - don't you love me - oh Hugie dear, why don't you write - I want to hear from you so much - a nice old-time letter - damn that pen - please, Hugie write to your little Norst.

About a hundred & thirty presents are now congregated in our wee dining room - it is pathetic - I don't know what we will do

with them all! "Uncle Dick" sent us a half
a dozen silver + china Baccarat cups and
coffee cups with dear little silver plates - they
are just too lovely! And Kate sent us
a tea wagon and Charlotte + Bessie each
a lamp only different kinds and the Graces
in Macon some lovely plates and Puss
Alison some cute little candlesticks and
oh heavens - I just can't think of them all.

To day Margaret + Jane gave a
lovely luncheon for me - every one was
peppy and it was great - when I got
home there were eighteen presents waiting
to be opened! And I haven't written those
eighteen notes yet! Your Aunt just
came in last night and told me all
about your relatives so now maybe
I have them straight in my mind - then

are an awful lot - but then I have a
few new cousins for you, too - '2nd &
first cousins.' Did you ever know that?
I had a letter from one of them - Cal -
saying he can't come to the wedding -
my heart was broken - 'nit!

We were awfully sorry Mary &
Hennie couldn't get here in time for
Mrs. Breneman's luncheon but will get
Tiny Appel & Bubbie's sister to take their
places, I think. You'll like Bubbie's sister.
She's six feet high!

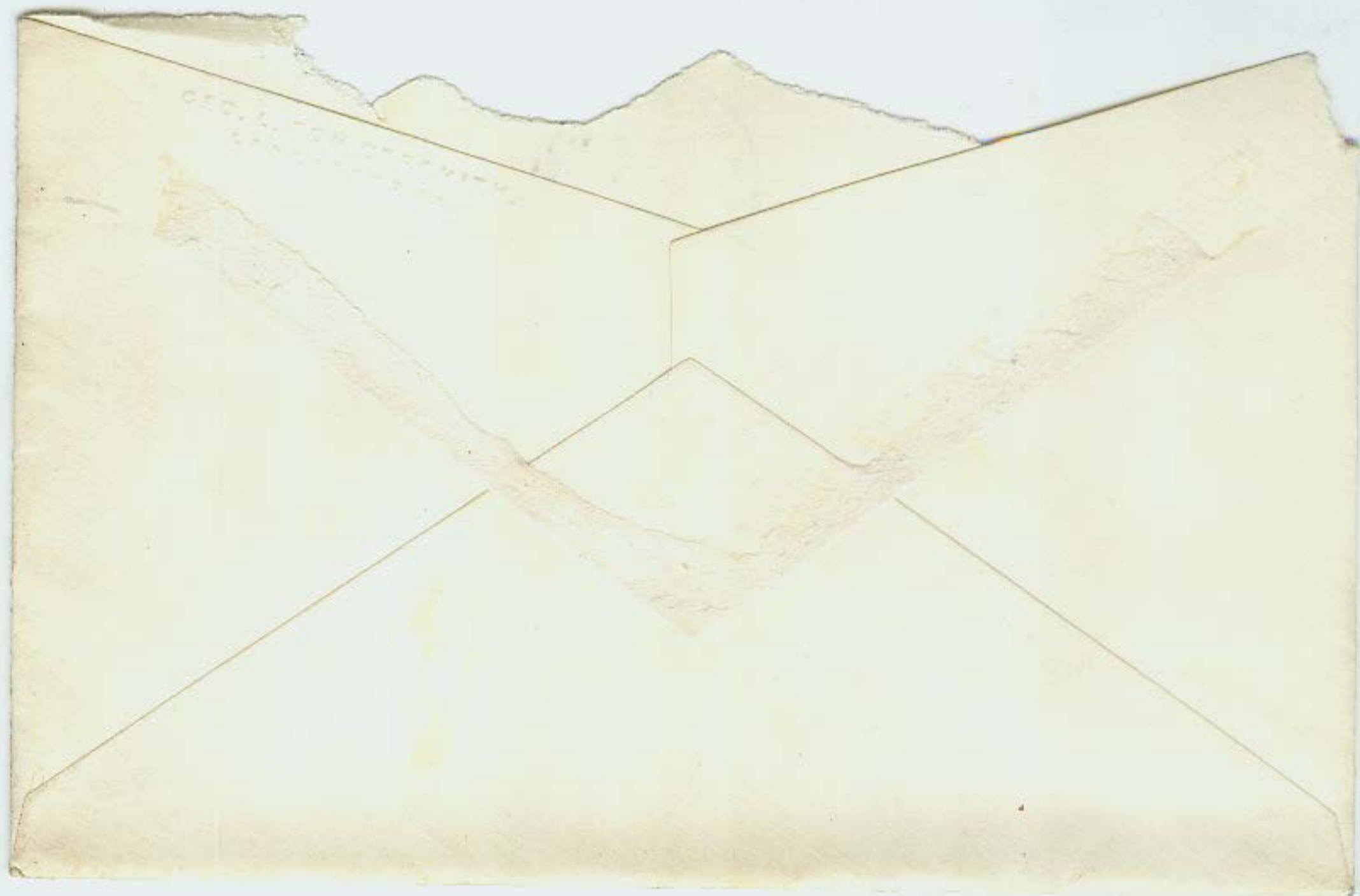
Did I tell you I had my portrait
done - just a black & white sketch -
some one is giving it to us for a
present - but a most attractive
young Russian did it and he told
me I was beautiful, etc and oh, how

I liked him! Do you think I am beautiful, Hugo? But what got me was - he said "you have a little moustache!" - now can you beat that? He liked it - to look at, Hugo, you understand! Na say foreigners always like moustaches in women. Too bad I didn't marry a foreigner! Good gosh, I'm not married yet! I get scared when you don't write for fear you don't really love me - Hugo, darling, you do love me, don't you? Why don't you write - only a few days more Hugo and then we won't have to write but please write! Think of it, Hugo dear, next Sunday we'll be all married - just you & me in the Ford together - please write, I should be so happy so near my wedding day but how can I be happy when I don't hear from

you - why is it? You have no little notes I write - only to me, please!



Mr. Hugh M. Dingley
Bellfonte
Pennsylvania



were, lack one furious at the
other and not knowing it and
over what? Damme! if I can
remember so long ago. But
any way I do hope its all right
now for I am itching to get
that letter you are itching to
write. What am I to do with
you - I get perfectly furious
at you and then you don't
do what I expect but call
me your "sun dear collector
of green glass" and I just

I want to know why you didn't answer her letter
(the dictated one)

June 16th

Hugie dear, really we
are the funniest couple! I
had to laugh at us when
I got your letter - I was
getting awfully mad at you -
no letters and this morning
when none came I had an
awful attack and planned
a telegram - but the afternoon
mail spoiled it! Then we

can't keep a straight face. You're incorrigible, Hugie's darling, but I love you, yes, I love you awfully much and guess that's why I get so terribly mad at you!

I had a nice letter from "Stew." today. I wish I could answer it but, oh, Hugie, thirty presents arrived today and I just don't see how I can write them all tonight - I'm tired now from running last minute errands, etc! Gosh, I'll be glad when we are married. But I don't think there will be much left of me for you, Hugie dear.

I applied today for a drivers license and got a thrill by signing myself "Elinora Reynolds Quigley" - I wish it were true - this week is going to be hell and endless.

I must stop now for supper, but please, Hugie, write me one nice letter before you come. What time will you get here? We must get the license. All my love, dear - yours etc.



Mr. Hugh M. Dingley
Bellfonte
Perrywauia

Did you ever ask Rev. M. to officiate?

164.55

here as early as you can and
if I'm at lunch come out to
the country club for me, please!
Hugie! in twenty-four hours! - or
is it forty eight?

We are disappointed that
Aunt Louise didn't come - do
hope Uncle Ted recovers quickly.
Aunt Phil is a great one -
coming down for my wedding
and then ^{not} going to the bridal
parties. Tell him I'm very
much hurt. I thought he

June 17th

Hugie my love, this is the
last letter I'm going to write
to you for some time! Think
of it! you will soon be here
and then we'll be married
and then - oh, Hugie - I love you!
And you love me, don't you -
and we're going to be awfully
happy, aren't we? Hugie, I just
simply can't wait till you
come on Thursday - do get

loved me and am dis appointed. But
between you and me I don't know if
he is there or not! Oaly I hate to have
every one know I have a rude cousin.
Of course, leeches are ^{not} generally for
men, but they have to eat, so why
not be gay and merry about it.

I got all my notes off last
night and now have eighteen
more! We got another half dozen
silver coffee cups like Aunt Dick's - I
just love them. I never saw so
many wonderful things, really!

Dearie me - hours have passed
and your aunt just has been here &
Aunt Maud arrived. I can't remember
now what else I was going to say -
tell Steve to bring his sister with him
on Thurs day if she'd like to go to the
dances and if you can - tell Uncle Fred
how sorry I am that he is sick.

Good night, Hugie dear - the next
time I say that I'll kiss you, too. Love, me.